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The Carnegie Library

TOWN WITHOUT WATER FOR SIXTEEN HOURS

No Steam Heat Contributed to Distress of Public.

WATER MAIN CRACKED

Bellefonte Experienced Serious Situation Monday—Everybody Carried Water Home from Spring—All Night Job Making Repairs.

With high winds prevailing and the weather bitterly cold, Bellefonte was without water and steam heat from noon on Monday until 4 o'clock Tuesday morning. The trouble was caused by a break in the 12-inch water main that supplies the town. With no water for the boilers the steam heat plant was forced to shut down, causing distress in countless business places and homes. It was perhaps the worst situation of the kind the town has ever known.

Had the weather been anything but so intensely cold the water famine might have been regarded as one affording a humorous side, for families from all sections of town soon formed a bucket brigade to and from the big spring carrying such water as was absolutely necessary for drinking and other domestic purposes. Critical as the situation was for a period of sixteen hours, it seemed that the hand of Providence generously sheltered the old town, for had there been a fire the whole of Bellefonte probably would have been swept away. The damage from dead water freezing in pipes throughout the town was nothing like what had been anticipated, although there were many instances of frozen pipes and valves to keep plumbers busily engaged the greater part of Tuesday.

The break in the big water main occured on North Water Street, just opposite John Noll's laundry. It was one of those accidents that will happen and usually at the very worst time. The water main lies fully seven feet deep, so that one may well imagine the task of locating the point of trouble. The break came with such suddenness that the whole town was without water in a few minutes. The back-flow from the reservoir quickly drained the supply from that place. A crew of men went to work to dig up the broken main, and never did a force of men work more faithfully against the most discouraging odds. It was not until late in the afternoon that the water main had been uncovered and the nature of the blow-out ascertained. Then it developed that the huge pipe had been split along one side for a distance of several feet. The only remedy was to put in a new section of pipe, and this was possibly only with a "sleeve" to cover one of the two points of connection. Telephone messages were sent to Lock Haven, Williamsport, Tyrone, Altoona and State College before a "sleeve" could be found that answered the purpose. It was 9.30 Monday night when the broken section of pipe was removed, and several hours after that before the new section had been cut to the required length. The task of placing the new section was finally completed about 4 o'clock Tuesday morning. Councilmen Hard Harris and James D. Seibert worked with the crew of men repairing the break from start to finish.

When the water famine forced the steam plant to close down Colonel Hugh S. Taylor undertook various schemes to relieve the distress throughout town caused by the intense cold. By evening it was thought the problem had been solved when the Undine fire company engine was stationed nearby Spring Creek, at the foot of Lamb Street, to pump water through a fire hose to the steam plant. The hose was adjusted and it was believed that the town would have steam heat by 9 o'clock in the evening. However, the plan was doomed to failure for the fire engine could not pump water from the creek and the only thing left was to wait for the repairs to the water main to be finished. When the town awoke Tuesday morning to find water and steam heat at hand there was a universal sigh of relief.

Two Wild Cats in Trap.

William Workinger, a famous Milroy hunter and trapper, while on a hunting expedition to the Seven Mountains the past several days trapped two wild cats. One of the animals weighed 60 pounds and the other tipped the scales at 30 pounds. The larger catamount put up a fierce fight in the trap, but Mr. Workinger soon put an end to its career by shooting it. The wild cats were taken to the hunter's home in Milroy where they were skinned.

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT IS OVERCOME BY GAS

Russel Lowry Has Narrow Escape from Death.

INHALED DEADLY FUMES

With Other Members of Senior Class, was Experimenting in School Laboratory—Chlorine Gas Caused Contraction of Lungs.

Russell Lowry, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lowry and a senior in the Bellefonte High School, narrowly escaped being killed by inhaling a poisonous gas in the High School laboratory last Thursday. For a time his life was despaired of, but he rallied and now is believed to be on the road to complete recovery.

With a number of other members of the senior class Lowry, who is 18 years old, was engaged in doing some experimental work in the laboratory. The accident happened just about the noon hour. A bottle, said to contain chlorine gas, similar to that used with such deadly effect by the German army, was in the room. Lowry inhaled some of the gas and instantly his lungs contracted.

It was only by the most heroic work that the young man's life was saved. Physicians were summoned and they worked with him for several hours before removing him to his home. Meanwhile the Lowry family were not aware that an accident had happened, supposing that Russell had been detained at Krumrine's drug store, where he is employed a part of the time, and his absence from home at the dinner hour naturally occasioned no particular alarm. About 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon he had recovered sufficiently to warrant his removal home, but even then the physicians were not certain that he would recover. By Monday he had improved so nicely that the physicians said the only danger remaining was that he might be seized with pneumonia. It is now believed that this crisis also has been passed safely and that he soon will be restored to health.

HAD LEG AMPUTATED

Samuel Boyer, of Julian, Painfully Injured on Railroad Last Week.

Samuel Boyer, aged 65 years, a resident, of Julian, was run down by a freight train near the Julian station last Friday and had his right leg cut off below the knee.

Mr. Boyer was hurried to Bellefonte on a freight engine and removed to the hospital. He is improving as rapidly as could be expected. It is said that he stepped from one track to avoid a freight train and was run down by another freight on the second track.

Mrs. Mohr Acquitted.

Mrs. Elizabeth Frances Mohr was acquitted last Saturday at Providence, Rhode Island, of the murder of her husband, Dr. Charles Franklin Mohr, who was shot as he rode in his automobile en route to Newport on the night of August 31, 1915. The new negroes, Victor Brown and Henry Spellman, whom she was accused of having hired to do the shooting, were convicted.

Mrs. Mohr is still under $10,000 bail on another indictment, charging her with having caused the shooting of Miss Emily Burger, her rival, who was riding with Doctor Mohr on the night of the murder. The jury was out for seven hours.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses:

George B. Wise, Grace Armstrong,	Pleasant Gap "
Oscar N. Struble, Barbara M. Baumgardner,	State College Bellefonte
James Mahar, Helen C. Heverly,	Axe Mann "

Shooting Near Tylersville.

A report was received on Wednesday that Luther Schreckengast, of Logan Township, Clinton County, was shot in the right leg on January 24th. Fifteen shots are said to have penetrated his leg. Clinton County officials have been requested to investigate.

William Allen Dead.

William L. Allen, formerly, of Lock Haven, died on Wednesday morning at the home of a daughter, Mrs. Jesse Underwood, at Sunbury. He was 80 years old. Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. Underwood, of Sunbury, and Mrs. Harry Stevenson, of Bellefonte.

Had Arm Crushed.

Martin Duracko, of Snow Shoe, had his right arm crushed in a railroad accident on Wednesday. He was removed to the Bellefonte hospital for treatment.

Statistics Tell Story of Growth of Y. W. C. A.

FIFTY YEARS AGO
1866—1876

Fifty years! A long look backward, but how golden may be the achievements of such a period of time.

Fifty years ago in the classical city of Boston, thirty earenst women met to consider the needs of girls who came to that city to seek employment. The needs of these girls led to the organization of the first Young Women's Christian Association in this country, which was effected March 3, 1866.

Down-towns rooms were opened.

Miss Mary Foster was called as the first general secretary and the work was launched!

The work at that time was largely that of an employment bureau, but educational classes, both vocational and cultural and religious meetings were also held.

Hartford, Connecticut; Providence, R. I.; Pittsburgh and Allegheny, Pa., in 1867, and Cincinnati and Cleveland, Ohio, and St. Louis, Missouri, in 1868 followed by forming similar societies called Women's Christian Associations. Others in the Mississippi Valley took the name of Young Women's Christian Associations.

On October 9th and 10th, 1871, delegates from nine Women's Christian Associations met at Hartford, and formed what later bore the name of the International Conference of Women's Christian Associations.

The first Young Women's Christian Association building was erected in Hartford, Connecticut in 1872. Heretofore they had been purchased and remodelled.

The first student Association was organized at Normal, Illinois, in 1873.

The first summer home was opened at Asbury Park, New Jersey, in 1874.

FORTY YEARS AGO
1876—1886

Forty years ago Gymnasium work of today was unknown, but calisthenics—which was more training in grace of movement than in healthful bodily vigor—was first taught in 1877 by a boarder in the Boston boarding home.

In 1884 Boston opened the first Association gymnasium for women in America in their building in Berkeley Street.

Boston led the country in establishing cooking classes and domestic training in 1879.

In 1883 Boston gave the first series of emergency lectures.

Heretofore there had been practically unrelated local Associations. In 1884 State Associations made up of the various local Associations were formed in Michigan, Ohio and Iowa.

TODAY
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Today there are 245 city Associations with a membership of 273,234. 95 Associations placed 52,410 girls in positions last year.

Practically all of these city Associations now have down-town rooms.

1663 secretaries are on the employed staff of the Young Women's Christian Association. There are also many volunteer workers.

Today the subjects taught in the educational classes range from those found on the curriculum of schools from the grammar grade to the university. The latest enrollment gives:

Bible study 87,835.
Educational classes 45,415.
Domestic art and Science 26,964.
Employment bureau placements 52,410.

The last National Convention was held at LosAngeles, California, May 5-11, 1915, with an attendance of 1235

Today the Associations own 189 buildings, with a property valuation of $9,162,147.

There are 721 Student Associations with a membership of 65,348.

Today thousands of girls in relays joyfully hie themselves to one of the 100 summer homes in various parts of the country for country air, rest, quiet hours with good books, bacon bats, corn roasts, athletics and acquatic sports of all kinds according to the physicial advantages of these homes.

TODAY
FEB 8—14, 1916

There are today 58,462 members enrolled in classes of the physical education department.

Today 197 Associations have well equipped gymnasiums.

Cooking class members now number 8,623 in 125 Associations.

In 1915 hundreds of certificates were issued for examinations passed in the Red Cross Manual and First Aid classes.

The United States is now organized into eleven fields, each field grouping several states.

Mrs. A. W. Dale Dead.

Rachael Dale, wife of Austin W. Dale, of Boalsburg, died on Friday, February 4th. While the deceased had not been very well for some weeks yet her death came as a shock to her friends and the entire community as very few persons knew that she was seriously ill. Mrs. Dale was born in Harris Township, August 8, 1847. She was the daughter of Henry Meyer, who for many years was a prominent citizen of that locality. Rachael Meyer was married to A. W. Dale September 25th, 1884, and most of her married life was spent on the old Dale homestead at Oak Hall. About four years ago Mr. and Mrs. Dale left the farm and moved to Boalsburg where they resided up to the date of the latter's death. Mrs. Dale's home life was an ideal one. She ruled her household with a spirit of gentleness and kindness and all were welcome to her hospitable dwelling. She was never known to speak an unkind word to or about anyone and this characteristic disposition marked her entire life and conduct. She is survived by her husband, A. W. Dale, and the following brothers, Philip Meyer, of Centre Hall; Jacob Meyer, of Boalsburg, and Henry Meyer, of Virginia. The deceased was buried in the Boalsburg cemetery. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. S. C. Stover, pastor of the Reformed church, assisted by Rev. Mr. Courtney, pastor, of the Lutheran church, and were held in the Reformed church at Boalsburg on Monday morning, February 7th.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fish Dead.

Falling upon a street curbing near her home one week previously, Mrs. Elizabeth J. Fish, an aged woman, received internal injuries which caused her death Friday afternoon January 28th, at the residence of her son, Joseph Fish, Jr., at Lewistown. Mrs. Fish made a misstep and fell heavily upon a curb just outside her home. Apparently no bones were broken, although her right hip was badly bruised. She evidently injured her spine and she died from the effects. She was aged 82 years, 3 months and 8 days and she was conscious until her last moment. The deceased was the widow of Joseph Fish, Sr., who died about 25 years ago. Her maiden name was Elizabeth J. Hunter, of Bellefonte, and she is survived by two sons, Joseph Fish, Jr., Lewistown, and James G. Fish, of Struthers, Ohio. The following three brothers and two sisters are living: Thornton Hunter and Mrs. Irvin Vantilburg, of Elkhart, Ind.; William Hunter and Frank Hunter of Bellefonte, and Mrs. Marjorie Malloy of Williamsport. She was a member of the Lewistown Methodist church.

Jacob Harnish Dead.

Jacob Harnish, for many years a resident of Clarence, died at the home of his son and Mrs. George Harnish at Clarence Friday February 4th. Mr. Harnish was a civil war veteran, belonging to Company G. 56th, regiment. His age was 78 yrs, 10 months and 22 days, and for 40 years he was a faithful member of the M. E. Church. He leaves to mourn his departure from this life the following children: George of Clarence; William of Irvona; Frank, of Neff's Mills; Robert of Nanty Glo; Mrs. Sarah Beightol and Mrs. Mollie Lohr, of Clarence. He is also survived by 25 grand-children and 18 great grand-children. His friends and dear ones find it hard to part with this good old gentle man, but take comfort from the thought he has gone to a much better home than we can give him here. Funeral services were held at the home Sunday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock, conducted by Rev. I. S. Hodgson, pastor of the Clarence M. E. Church. Interment was made in the Askey cemetery.

Michael Maguire Dead.

Michael Maguire, died on Sunday, February 6, 1916, at his home, at Philipsburg from apoplexy. The deceased, was a son of Mark and Rosanna Maguire and was born in Half Moon Valley, June 15, 1751, making his age 64 years, 7 months and 21 days. On June 1, 1881, he was married to Miss Jennie Rothrock, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Rothrock, who survives together with the following sons, viz: Oliver, Philipsburg, Chester, Roy and Paul, of Kansas City, Mo., and Walter, at home. One son and one daughter preceded him to the grave. Three brothers and two sisters also survive, viz: John, of Chester Hill; Paul, of Morrisdale; Mark, near Port Matilda, and Mrs. Ruth A. Gates and Mrs. Sarah Hoover, of Loveville.

Prospective Republican aspirants for the Legislature from Centre County are said to include Representative H. B. Scott, of Philipsburg; H. Laird Curtin of Curtin; C. L. Gramley, of Rebersburg, and Howard Holzworth, of Union Township.

YOUNG MAN ARRESTED ON SERIOUS CHARGE

Parents of 16 Year Old Girl Accuse Boyd Gill.

COMMITTED TO JAIL

State Police Apprehended Gill as He Was About to Depart for Lewistown—Girl Appeared as Witness at Hearing Last Night.

Boyd Gill, aged about 18 years, of Pleasant Gap, was arrested yesterday and lodged in jail, charged by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Parker, of Potters Bank, with harboring their daughter, Lucinda Parker who is not quite 16 years old. The Parker, girl came to Bellefonte Wednesday morning and to avoid detection walked to Milesburg where she boarded a train for Williamsport. A railroad officer took her into custody when the train arrived at Lock Haven and she was brought to Bellefonte on the late afternoon train.

Gill was arrested at the Pennsylvania Railroad passenger station here as he was about to board a train for Lewistown Junction, where he either had been employed or expected to find employment. The arrest was made by State Policeman William A. Schmehl, who is stationed at Pleasant Gap. Gill had purchased a ticket and had checked his baggage when Officer Schmehl appeared. The latter had the young man's ticket redeemed and then took Gill to jail. The formal charge entered against the latter is statutory rape.

When the little Parker girl was taken into custody she was with a sister of Gill and who is married and resides at Williamsport. On being returned to Bellefonte to await the arrival here of her parents, the little girl was not disposed to say much about the matter. It developed that she had been at the passenger station about the time Gill was arrested and fearing that she, too, might be detected she said that she quickly changed her plans and started to walk to Milesburg.

According to Officer Schmehl the little girl was lured away from home by Gill last October and accompanied him to Clearfield where the two lived as man and wife. Some time ago the girl returned to her home but left there on Monday night. Her parents, fearing that she contemplated going away again with Gill, asked State Policeman Schmehl to locate and detain her and also place Gill under arrest. Gill visited the Pennsylvania ticket office on Tuesday and inquired the fare to Lewistown Junction. He walked away from the window without buying a ticket, remarking that he would need more money than he had with him. Wednesday morning he reappeared and purchased a ticket, only to be arrested a few minutes later.

Gill was arraigned for a hearing before Justice of the Peace Woodring last night and the Parker girl called as a witness against him. The hearing was brief. Gill was committed to jail to await trial in court.

Miss Jennie Liddick Dead.

Miss Jennie M. Liddick died on January 18th, last at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. D. Thomas, at Lockport, Pa., aged 16 years. Her death was due to pneumonia. Surviving the deceased are her parents and a brother, James Liddick of Virginia, also three sisters, Mrs. J. H. Fulger, of Virginia; Mrs. L. H. Webner, of Centre Hall, and Mrs. J. D. Thomas, of Lockport.

How About the Engines?

Editor The Republican:—I hope the two fire company engines in Bellefonte are in good order and in readiness for any emergency, but fear they may not be. We all ought to be thankful and grateful to the good men who left their homes and worked all night Monday to repair the water main on Water Street.

J. P. HUGHES

Methodist Services.

The approaching Sunday, February 13th, is the time of the mid-winter Communion and Love Feast in the Methodist Episcopal church. The Communion will be administered at both preaching hours. The Love Feast will be held at 6.30 p. m. A period of special revival services will follow the Communion on Sunday. Meeting each evening of the week except Saturday, at 7.30 o'clock, in the Lecture Room. Earnest gospel messages, fervent prayer and spirited singing will mark each service. A cordial invitation is given to all people.

PUBLIC HEARING HERE ON COMPENSATION LAW

Referee to Decide Dispute Regarding Liability.

IS FIRST TEST CASE

Charles Nighthart's Claim for Compensation for Injuries Rejected by Standard Steam Oven Company, of Pittsburgh.

A public hearing on a claim for compensation under the new workmen's compensation law will be held in the Grand Jury room at the Court House at 10 o'clock on the morning of February 17th. It will be the first proceeding of the kind here since the new law went into force.

The plaintiff in the case is Charles Nighthart, of Bellefonte, and the defendant is the Standard Steam Oven Company, of Pittsburgh. The hearing will be held before W. W. Champion, of Williamsport, referee for the Workmen's Compensation Bureau for this part of the State.

Some time ago Charles Nighthart was injured while aiding in installing a new steam oven in the Crader bakery. His arm was bruised and the ligaments torn. He was at the time in the employ of the Standard Steam Oven Company. Following the accident Nighthart put in a claim for compensation under the provisions of the workmen's compensation law. As counsel for Nighthart, Attorney James C. Furst forwarded the claim to the department at Harrisburg.

The Standard Steam Oven Company was subsequently notified and finally replied denying all liability. The matter thereupon automatically shifted to the referee for this district, Mr. Champion. Following the taking of testimony he will determine whether Nighthart is entitled to compensation and if so how much.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS

John Brewer was a business visitor to Curwensville this week.

James Noonan was a visitor to Williamsport on Monday.

Miss Helen Hurley is visiting with friends at Roaring Springs.

N. B. Spangler, Esq., transacted business this week in Philipsburg.

Joseph L. Montgomery was a business visitor to New York on Wednesday.

Robert Long, of Tyrone, was a visitor in town for a few hours on Tuesday.

Walter Cohen and his brother, Harry, visited on Sunday, last, in Mt. Union.

Edward Hockenbury departed today for Lewistown Junction, where he is employed.

Mrs. Lewis Daggett went to Williamsport on Tuesday to visit her aunt, Mrs. Canfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Herman have been visiting for a few days this week in Philipsburg.

Harry Irvin, who is employed at Lewistown Junction, visited at his home here over Sunday.

M. S. Betz, the hustling general merchant from Jacksonville, transacted business in town on Tuesday.

Fred Noll departed on Wednesday for Akron, Ohio, where he is to be employed in a large rubber factory.

Ralph Struble, of Pittsburgh, is visiting for a few days here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin O. Struble.

Francis Thomas was an arrival home from Boston on Sunday to spend a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Thomas.

William Stewart, who has been visiting for several weeks with his mother, Mrs. Patsy Stewart, returned today to his home at Seattle, Washington.

In a spectacular and exciting basketball game last night, the DeNeri professional team from Philadelphia defeated Bellefonte Academy 28 to 19.

Mrs. Joseph Harris and children are expected in Bellefonte the early part of next week, Mr. Harris having recently been transferred to Detroit, Michigan.

Mrs. E. H. B. Callaway departed on Wednesday for Harrisburg where she remained over night, leaving there today for Philadelphia, Atlantic City, New York and Boston.

Miss Helen E. C. Overton spent the week-end in Scranton and WilkesBarre. At the former place she gave a splendid address to the D. A. R., her audience including some of the national offic[illegible] the society.

GETS NEW HEARING

Board of Pardons Expected to Save Pennington from Death Chair.

Roland S. Pennington, standing for the fourth time in the shadow of the electric chair at the new penitentiary, probably will escape execution. Application for a rehearing for the young Delaware county murderer was made last Saturday at Harrisburg to the board of pardons under circumstances which lead many to believe he will obtain commutation to life imprisonment. The trial judge advocates it.

Both Pennington and George H. March, the elder man who admittedly egged Pennington on to the fatal assault on S. Lewis Pinkerton more than two years ago, are in the death house. After being twice reprieved in December they virtually gave up hope when on January 19, the board of pardons refused them rehearings five days prior to the week during which they were to die.

But January 24 passed without an execution. No explanation was vouchsafed except that the penitentiary officials could perform the execution any time that week. The night of January 24 Judge Isaac Johnson, of Delaware county who tried the two murderers, called at the executive mansion at Harrisburg. He was only one of many men prominent in public life who called on that and succeeding days. January 26 the governor respited the murderers until the week of February 21, to give them more time to prepare for death.

Speculation about the tenor of the interview Judge Johnson had with the governor was confirmed by the rehearing application which was filed Saturday by Colonel Fred Taylor Pussy and Albert J. Williams, counsel for Pennington. Judge Johnson, it says, informed the governor that all the circumstances justify clemency and that if the law gave the trial judge any discretion he would not have sentenced Pennington to death.

This argument was used last month in behalf of Pennington, but not so pointedly as it was used in the petition for a rehearing. The petition points out that the grounds for a rehearing which exist now did not exist on January 19. It also declares that the governor did not wish to act without consideration by the board of pardons.

The case will be argued February 16. No one appears to doubt now that Pennington will be granted his rehearing and all appear equally certain that, if granted, it will forecast commutation the following month, if not before. Grant of a rehearing, of course, will bring another reprieve by the governor.

As to March, it was intimated at the capital that it is extremely likely the law will take its course in his case and that he will die on February 21 without knowing that the youth who became his tool has a chance for life. It will be easy, of course, to keep such knowledge from him.

Nature's Endowments.

Many people make the error of looking upon health as a crude possession that Nature bestows now and again in defiance of her own laws. True, from time to time we meet splendid specimens of manhood and womanhood that apparently resist unusual hardships in an environment which would not seem conducive to good health but in Nature nothing thrives in the long run which is not given proper conditions.

Every violation of the laws of Nature makes it's impression on the vitality of man who loses his resistance at every blow until the injury is so great that it becomes manifest to our grosser senses.

The maintenance of health is today based upon both science and art, says State Health Commissioner Dixon. Fortunately it is within the reach of the vast majority of our people and the man or woman who realizes the value of self control has learned the first principle.

Appreciation of the things most worth while never comes from excessive indulgence. A rational life is fairly certain to be an important factor in health and happiness. Many a man or woman whom Nature has endowed with but a medium physique has cultivated and maintained a degree of bodily health sufficient to insure them a rational and pleasurable life. On the other hand many a physical giant has so presumed upon Nature's endowment as to have wrecked that most precious gift—a good constitution.

Young Man a Suicide.

Joseph Gilbert, aged 25 years, committed suicide last Thursday evening at his home at Hudson, nearby Philipsburg. He shot himself in the head with a revolver. He was a coal miner and is survived by a widow and his foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hobson. Gilbert was married only five months ago, his wife being formerly Miss Fannie Wilson.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the Bellefonte postoffice:

M. B. Benedick, John T. Gibboney, Glenn Hines, Wm. J. Jones, John Klein, Druggist, Joe McDonald, Master Charles Stubbs, Mrs. William Willson. When called for please say advertised.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 35 years. $1.00 a bottle.

JEFFERSON COUNTY DRY

Judge Corbet Refuses 44 Applicants and Offers No Reason for Action.

Jefferson county, on order of Judge Charles Corbet at Brookville, went dry last week for the first time. The court, in an opinion handed down, refused to grant a liquor license to any of the 44 applicants, four of whom sought permits to conduct breweries and two to operate wholesale houses. There were 43 licensed houses in Jefferson county last year.

Judge Corbet was elected in a bitter fight against his brother-in-law, Judge J. W. Reed, who was seeking re-election. Mr. Corbet was backed by the Jefferson County No-License League. He did not run on a no-license platform, but it was generally believed he had anti-liquor leanings.

Two brewery applicants and one wholesale applicant foresaw his action and withdrew their applications.

Judge Corbet's opinion was short and gave no reason for his decision, basing his action on a ruling of the Supreme Court, which held that a judge is not bound to set forth his reasons as long as he has them.

Judge Corbet's opinion follows:

"In re license applications in the Court of Quarter Sessions of Jefferson County: The disposition of each license application, separately heard, considered and decided, has resulted in them being severally refused, from which some might infer that the court acted arbitrarily or wilfully. We wish to say such is not the case.

Every application was earnestly supported and opposed and warmly contested by numerous and able counsel on both sides. They were duly, openly, fully and thoroughly heard, and with all these pertinent facts and circumstances appertaining to it, including, wherever applicable, such matters as were known to the court, were given due and careful consideration and decided in accordance with the general principles governing the exercise of judicial discretion.

"Even if it might be profitable to write an opinion in each case, which we doubt, it would encroach too much on our time; and with their diversities all cannot be satisfactorily settled, in our judgment, by a single brief opinion; hence we omit the task.

"Besides the Superior Court has said that when the court has heard and decided its whole duty is performed and the license judge is not required to give any reason for his decision.

"The Supreme Court says: He is not bound to set out legal reasons; he is only bound to have them."

Punxsutawney had 11 retail one wholesale and two brewery licenses last year. There was only one new applicant this year—that for a retail license. Specific remonstrances were filed against each applicant and petitions signed by 10,000 persons asked the court to refuse all licenses.

CRYING FOR HELP

Lots of It in Bellefonte But Daily Growing Less.

The kidneys often cry for help.

Not another organ in the whole body more delicately constructed;

Not one more important to health.

The kidneys are the filters of the blood.

When they fail the blood becomes foul and poisonous.

There can be no health where there is poisoned blood.

Backache is one of the frequent indications of kidney trouble.

It is often the kidneys' cry for help. Heed it.

Read what Doan's Kidney Pills have done for overworked kidneys.

Read what Doan's have done for Bellefonte people.

John H. Klinger, 220 E. Lamb St., Bellefonte, says: "I was annoyed by weak kidneys most all the time. At night my rest was broken by having to pass the kidney secretions too frequently and in the morning I felt tired. Doan's Kidney Pills were so highly recommended that I got a box at Krumrine's Drug Store. They relieved the backache and strengthened my kidneys."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Klinger had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Real Estate Transfers

Recorder William H. Brown has recorded the following real estate transfers:

William D. Walker to Mrs. William D. Walker, tract of land in Miles Twp.; $5.

D. A. McDowell, et ux, to Charles A. Dolan, 2 tracts in Marion Twp.; $200.

Jennie E. Johnston to Charles M. Gardner, tract in Liberty Twp.; $20.

Jennie E. Johnston to D. M. Packer, tract in Liberty Twp.; $20.

Charles H. McKee, et ux, to Penna. State College, tract in College Twp.; $25,000.

Hester S. Christ, et al, to Edward S. Erb, tract in State College.; $1500.

Andrew Lytle, et ux, to H. A. Rossman, tract in College Twp.; $325.

James A. Bitner to Warren B. Council, tract in Liberty Twp.; $350.

Willis P. Wills to Margaret Ann Wills, tract in Worth Twp.; $1.

Ida Way Lambert, et bar, to John Hamilton, tract in State College; $1.

James Bradley, et ux, to Charles F. Houser, tract in Benner Twp.; $450.

David J. Meyers, et ux, to Thomas L. Smith, tract in Centre Hall; $550.

AMBLER A CANDIDATE

Speaker of House Enters Field for Nomination for Auditor General.

Speaker Charles A. Ambler, of Montgomery County, on Saturday, last, announced his candidacy for auditor general in opposition to State Senator Charles A. Snyder, of Schuylkill county.

His candidacy was immediately indorsed by Mayor Smith, of Philadelphia, and also the Vares. In political circles the Ambler announcement was considered the long-expected signal to the anti-Penrose forces throughout the state that Governor Brumbaugh, backed by Mayor Smith and the Vares in Philadelphia and by Public Service Commissioner Magee in Pittsburgh, is ready to go to the mat at the May primaries against the Penrose leadership. Ambler's announcement was as follows:

"For some time past a great many of my friends from all over the state have been earnestly urging me to announce myself as a candidate for the office of auditor general. In response thereto, I have decided to submit my name to the Republican voters at the statewide primary to be held Tuesday, May 16, 1916.

"I feel that the experience gained during my six terms as a member of the house of representatives and as speaker of the house during the session of 1915 would enable me to fill the office, not only with credit to myself, but with efficiency to the commonwealth. I might add that if I am honored by a nomination and election my single purpose will be to give the state a competent and business-like administration."

Mayor Smith in his indorsement of Speaker Ambler said: "I am glad that Speaker Ambler has announced his intentions to become a candidate for auditor general. I have known him intimately since 1905, when, as members of the house of representatives, we formed an attachment for each other which has continued uninterruptedly ever since.

"His political record is clean. He is a Republican, and always has been. As speaker of the house, he has demonstrated beyond a doubt that he has ability. In addition, every one is familiar with the conditions existing during the last legislature, when matters of the greatest importance to the people of the commonwealth were under consideration, his fair and impartial treatment of the members endeared him to all, irrespective of their political affiliations.

"An experience gained during six terms in the legislature especially qualifies him for the important duties of the office he seeks. I sincerely hope that his candidacy may receive the undivided support of the Republican party."

Emory J. Stover Dead.

The community throughout Warriorsmark valley was greatly shocked last Saturday evening when it became known that Emory J. Stover a life-long resident of that valley, had passed from time to eternity at 7.30 o'clock. His illness dated back two weeks and had been diagnosed as muscular rheumatism. His condition was not considered serious; in fact, neighbors called to see him on Saturday afternoon and he walked to the door with the aid of crutches, when the visitors were leaving. The disease from which he suffered attacked the heart and caused sudden death at the hour stated.

Emory J. Stover was a son of Jacob and Mary Stover (deceased) and was born and reared at the Stover homestead, four miles from Tyrone. He was in his 60th year. Mr. Stover had repeatedly been honored by his brothers of the order, in his election as master of Warriorsmark grange No. 974, Patrons of Husbandry. Some years ago Mr. Stover was united in marriage to Miss Emma Stevens, daughter of Captain Henry Stevens in Centre county. To this union six children were born, four of whom with the bereaved wife and two grandchildren survive. The surviving children are Paul, of Altoona; Mrs. Culler, wife of Rev. Arthur Culler, of McPherson, Kan.; Mrs. Chester Geist at the home, and Frank, at school. Surviving also are two sisters and two brothers: Mrs. David P. Henderson, Spruce Creek; Mrs. S. P. Gray, Warriorsmark; John Stover, Spruce Creek, and H. M. Stover, Stover Station. Two sisters preceded Mr. Stover to the spirit land, viz.: Mrs. John H. Wallace and Mrs. George Bridenbaugh.

Emma M. Rogers Dead.

Last Thursday evening at 7.30 o'clock Mrs. Emma May Rogers, wife of Samuel K. Rogers, of Arch Springs, passed away at her home, death resulting from hemorrhages. The deceased was a daughter of R. D. and Anna Gingery, and was born at Glen Hall, Centre county, July 3, 1888. On April 1, 1911 she was united in marriage to Samuel K. Rogers at Alexandria by Rev. W. E. Stewart. She was a devoted member of the Presbyterian church at Arch Springs and was loved and respected by all who knew her. Surviving to mourn her death are her husband and two sons. She is also survived by her parents and the following brothers and sisters: R. E. Gingery, Arch Spring; W. R., Mill Creek, West Virginia; Anna, Mable and Carl Lewis, at home. The funeral was held at the late home on Monday morning at 10:30 o'clock. Services in charge of Rev. W. K. Harnish. Interment at Arch Springs.

Advertise in "The Republican.

TRICKY AND A BLUFFER.

The Spreading Adder Will Fool You If You Don't Know Him.

He's a sly creature, this snake. When he's discovered and trapped he'll make such a hullabaloo about it, with his hissing and contortions, that if you're not wise to the fact that he's only bluffing you're sure to be frightened. If you're acquainted with him, however, and refuse to run, he'll give one final twist and roll over on his back, just as though he had made up his mind to die and save you the trouble of killing him. But don't be fooled. He's only playing possum. He's the spreading adder.

His tricks have resulted in all sorts of wild stories about him. Many people believe he's poisonous, because he spreads his head out flat and hisses when he's disturbed. As a matter of fact, he couldn't hurt you if you picked him up by the head. He's only bluffing when he hisses.

Then there's another story about the spreading adder to the effect that he will bite himself and fall over dead. This belief comes from his habit of playing possum when he sees he's cornered and can't escape.

The spreading adder is about thirty inches long, a reddish brown and blotched and spotted. He lives in dry woods and on sandy hillsides and eats toads and insects. He's also called the blowing viper or the hognosed adder.—Philadelphia North American.

HAS TO SPLIT HIS TIPS.

Not All the Money the Waiter Gets Goes Into His Pocket.

Don't think the waiters are getting rich. They might if they could keep all their tips, but—

Comes a waiter of twenty years' service who says the man who does the serving is lucky if he gets 25 per cent of his tip money.

"We wouldn't complain much if we were allowed to keep our tips," he said, "but the waiter is by necessity the best tipper in the world. He has to split his tips at least five ways. The head waiter gets his, the captain has his hand out, and the 'scrub' waiter and cook are next in line.

"If the waiter keeps all the money the captain will soon get wise to him, and he will get no more 'live ones' steered up to his table. If the cook is neglected the waiter might get his orders cold from the kitchen. If he doesn't cross the palm of the head waiter with silver once in awhile he will be looking for another job.

"The popular idea that all waiters are rich is 'all wrong.' The average waiter gets about $6 or $8 a week, and some of them get less. The man that leaves a quarter in the tray is really giving the waiter about 6 cents."—Chicago Tribune.

Letters and Postage Stamps.

"Strange ideas some people have about postage," said the clerk who opens the mail. "Yes. See this letter here with three one-cent stamps on it and stamped 1 cent due? That's a case in point. The writer of that letter thought that perhaps it weighed a little over an ounce, a little more than would go for 2 cents, and so he put on a little more postage—1 cent more—which he thought would cover it, when the fact is that it required an additional two cent stamp. Of course you know that letter postage is not fractional, but that it goes in multiples of two. If a letter weighs ever so little over an ounce it requires an additional two cent stamp. But not everybody seems to know this, and so we sometimes get letters like this one with a little more postage for a little more weight."—New York Sun.

Jenkins' Ear.

There was a war known as "the war of Jenkins' ear." It came about in the following way: In the year 1731 an English merchant vessel was boarded by a Spanish guardship, and the captain, one Robert Jenkins, was most cruelly used, one of his ears being torn off in the scrimmage. Obtaining no redress by appealing to his government, he appeared before parliament in 1738, when the convention of the Pardo was so excitedly discussed that war followed. Jenkins' story was verified by the admiralty records so recently as 1899.—Exchange.

Definition of an Ohm.

An ohm, as defined by the international congress on electrical units and standards, is the resistance offered to the passage of an electric current by a column of mercury of uniform cross section having a mass of 223.0248 grains and a height of 41.8503 inches at the temperature of melting ice.

In the bureau of standards at Washington are four standard ohms so perfectly made and kept that when tested recently their average deviation from their mean value was less than .00001 ohm.

Music and Dancing.

It does not follow that in order to write successful dance music a person must be an expert dancer. It is said that, though Johann Strauss and his family wrote dance music for three or four generations, not one of them could dance a step.

Musical.

When a person learns to pronounce Wagner as "Vogner" and Chopin as "Sho-pang" and cello as "chello" he feels that he thoroughly understands the classics of music.—Macon News.

Man and Trouble.

Only two kinds of people in the world, the man whose troubles are bigger than he and the man who is bigger than his troubles.—Milwaukee Journal.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

The Dollyless Electric Washing Machine

Wiard Reversible Salkey Riding Plows and Walking Plows, Discs, Harrows. Spring Tooth Harrows, Land Rollers, Spike Tooth Lever Harrows.

9 Hoe Spring Brake Fertilizer Grain Drills, and the price is $70.00.

Potato Diggers, Brookville Wagons, all sizes in stock. Buggies, Buggy Poles and Manure Spreaders, Galvanized Water Troughs, Cast Iron Hog & Poultry Troughs, Galvanized Stock Chain Pumps.

Force and Lift Pumps for any depth of wells. Extension and Step Ladders, Poultry Supplies.

All Kinds of Field Seeds

Nitrate of Soda and Fertilizers for all crops carried at my warehouse, where you can get it when you are ready to use it. We respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.

John G. Dubbs

Bellefonte - - - Pa.

MIMICKED HIS BOSS.

When Nat Goodwin First Gave an Imitation of Stuart Robson.

Nat Goodwin had just finished his monologue at the Palace one night when William Barkus, a veteran actor and lifelong friend of the comedian said:

"Nat, I remember the first night you went on the stage at the Howard Athenaeum and played Ned the Newsboy in Stuart Robson's production of 'Law In New York.' You gave imitations then, and I never heard better ones before or since."

"Well," replied Goodwin modestly "they told me that my stunt went remarkably well that night. If you remember, after I had responded to several encores some of them in the gallery shouted, 'Imitate Stuart Robson!' I was afraid to imitate my manager so I shook my head. Still they shouted 'Robson, Robson!' He was standing in the wings, and as I came off I said 'What can I do, Mr. Robson? They are clamoring for me to give an imitation of you!' 'Do!' said he in that falsetto voice so well known to theatergoers of that period. 'Go back and give the villains ——!'

"On the impulse of the moment I went through an entire scene which the audience had just witnessed between Robson and a favorite player named Henry Bloodgood. As I assumed each voice, particularly Robson's, the applause was deafening, and at the finish, after repeated calls, Robson was obliged to take me on and make a speech, thanking the audience in my behalf.

"After the play Robson said to me 'Young Goodwin, you have done two things tonight that I shall never forget—halted the performance and given a very bad imitation of me. I could have done it better myself.'"—New York Times.

Japanese Needlewomen.

The daughters of the land of flowers sometimes curiously reverse European methods. They needle their thread instead of threading their needles, and instead of running their needle through the cloth they hold it still and run the cloth upon it. An English lady resident in Tokyo once wrote to a friend that the impulse of her Japanese maids is always to sew on cuff frills and other similar things topsy turvy and inside out.

CARLYLE AND HIS WIFE.

A Glimpse of the Ill Assorted Couple and Their Home Life.

It is certain that the Carlyles were an ill assorted couple. She considered from the beginning that to marry him was an act of condescension on her part. The daughter of a country doctor of Haddington had descended from the skies, like Diana to Endymion, to marry the son of a stonemason. * * * But he loved her and was happy in his love.

Not so she. Jealous of him as she was—furiously jealous—not as a lover, for there she knew she was safe. But she could not bear to think that if she were famous it was as his wife, whereas she, knowing herself to be brilliant, would fain have had him to be known as the husband of that wonderful Mrs. Carlyle. It was his success, social and literary, that she resented. It irked her to be in the second place, and she could not forgive it. * * *

There was something else of which the lady was jealous, and that was the agony of concentration which her husband's work meant for him. At moments her "saeva indignatio" against "that Carlyle," as she would contemptuously call him, passed all bounds.

One day my aunt went to call upon her and found her in one of her tantrums. "What was the matter?" she asked. "Oh, my dear, it's just that Carlyle! Would you believe it, I have had a headache for three days, and he's only just found it out. 'I'm afraid you're not quite well, my dear,' he said, and all the time he has been working, working! I just threw a teacup at his head."—Lord Redesdale's Recollections.

Two Important Matters.

"Now, Katie, do you know enough to keep your mouth shut?" asked the fashionable woman of the girl she was about to engage.

"Well, ma'am, I know enough to all right, but the question is, Do I get enough wages to encourage me to?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Repetition Desired.

He—Dearest, this kiss tells you all I have to say. Have you understood me? She—Oh, please say it again.—Boston Transcript.

A woman nowadays is only as old as her clothes.—Mrs. John Lane.

A HARD BLOW

for you if you were to lose the receipts and cash you now carry about. How much better off you would be if you had an account at the Bellefonte Trust Company Bank. Then your cash would be always safe. The cancelled checks would be receipts that could be verified any time. Think it over and you'll start to-day.

Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa.

Hidden Water

How It Was Lost, but Found Again.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Eve Temple sat in her saddle and surveyed the arid stretch of sand and sagebrush. There was a look of bitter disappointment in her blue eyes, and her full red lower lip quivered, but was instantly stilled by the sharp pressure of her teeth.

"That's right! Cry baby!" she taunted her weakness. "I thought you were coming out here to Arizona to make a fortune as a rancher, and the first thing you did was to buy a sand hole of a ranch just because it had an attractive name—Hidden Water. It is hidden! So far all the rain that has fallen has been in the form of tears. Oh, bother!"

In spite of her brave attempt at self control hot tears filled Eve's eyes and splashed on her hands.

"Rain from a blue and cloudless sky," remarked an amused voice at her elbow.

Eve whirled her pony around to confront the stranger who had noiselessly mounted the ridge. He was a tall sunburned young man in dusty khaki, a ragged sombrero on his brown hair and much humor in his bright brown eyes.

Eve thought she had never seen such bright, searching eyes, especially in one who apparently was a seeker after a job.

"Well," she said sharply, resenting his remark, "I suppose you are looking for a job?"

A startled look came and went in the bright eyes.

"I'm a good worker, miss," he said.

Eve laughed and swept her arm in a wide circle.

"Why look for work at Hidden Water?" she asked. "The water is so well hidden that my sheep have died from thirst and my cattle have wandered away or have been run off by Bedozi and his gang of rustlers. There is no work at Hidden Water, not even for me." A little sob checked her laugh, and she turned her face away from the man's concerned countenance.

"Did you buy Hidden Water from Holman?" asked the stranger.

She nodded.

"He sold out to me," said she drearily. "I don't know what to do. He told me that when the rains came the creek would fill up, but there hasn't been a drop of rain since I came."

"There won't be, either," he announced—"not enough to do any good."

"I suppose I can shut up the place and go home, back east, but there isn't any home left."

"You are not out here alone?"

"An elderly cousin came with me. She is my only relative. Cousin Hannah predicted disaster, and she is right."

"Cousin Hannahs are usually confirmed pessimists," he declared.

"But you must admit she was right in this instance."

"I believe I can prove she is wrong," he said grimly.

"How?"

"I'll tell you later, Miss Temple."

"Who are you?" she asked curiously.

"My name is Lonsdale—John Lonsdale," he said, lifting the ragged hat. "If you can give me my meals and allow me to sleep in the bunk house I will try to help you."

Eve laughed mirthfully now.

"Welcome to Hidden Water, Mr. Lonsdale. The bunk house is yours alone. Shall I introduce you to Cousin Hannah as the maker of rain in waste places?"

"Tell her," he said deliberately, "that I am an expert of some sort, and if I fail she will tell you that I am an expert liar."

"Come, then," said Eve. "I hear the dinner bell."

In this manner was John Lonsdale introduced to Hidden Water.

Cousin Hannah disapproved of him at once. As soon as he had vanished into the bunk house with the basket of dinner she had given him the stern New England woman attacked Eve with a volley of questions.

"Who is he, Eve?" she asked.

"A cowboy looking for work. His name is John Lonsdale."

"Where is he from? Where are his references?"

"I didn't ask him."

"But, Eve, there isn't any work here for him," protested Mrs. Fox.

"He is an expert at detecting water. He believes he can find the Hidden Water, and"—

"Hidden fiddlesticks!" snorted Cousin Hannah. "The man is an expert story teller, Eve."

Eve laughed, for already Cousin Hannah had fulfilled Lonsdale's prediction.

"Laugh if you want to," said the irate lady, "but some morning we will wake up and find ourselves murdered in our beds. Then what will you say?"

"I'll say you surely have a bit of Irish blood in your New England makeup," laughed Eve.

There was a discreet knock at the back door.

Cousin Hannah answered it, for even the Chinese cook had been dismissed.

John Lonsdale delivered the basket with all the dishes neatly washed.

"That was a mighty fine dinner, Mrs. Fox," he said.

In spite of her fears Cousin Hannah was gratified at the compliment.

"Don't you want something more?" she asked mildly.

"No, thank you. Please tell Miss Temple I'm going down to the creek to start things."

A few hours later Eve mounted her pony and rode down to Dry creek.

Lonsdale was nowhere in sight. Slowly she rode up the dry bed of the creek toward a clump of cottonwoods and a heap of rocks which had been the source of the water which had once filled the bed.

For a long time Eve sat in her saddle looking down at the dry rocks.

What had become of the underground river? Had some convulsion of nature diverted its course in another direction?

When Lonsdale came tramping down the hillside, a strange light of enthusiasm in his brown eyes, Eve plied him with questions, but he was oddly noncommittal.

"In a fortnight at the farthest," he said evasively. "Give me a chance, Miss Temple."

Eve said no more, and during the weeks that followed she let him alone.

He would disappear for days at a time, to return stern and preoccupied. Always he wore khaki, but now it was usually fresh and clean.

Cousin Hannah reported that in the bunk house she could not find a particle of wearing apparel or personal belongings.

"I don't believe the man sleeps there. I'm afraid of him, Eve. I want to go back home. Can't you sell the ranch for the price of our tickets? You can easily get another school, and I will take boarders—anything to get away from this God forsaken sand patch!"

"If Mr. Lonsdale's scheme fails we will go, dear," Eve assured her.

"It's bound to fail, Eve. No one but the good Lord should interfere with his works. If the ranch were paying, and we could have some help around the place, and there was something going on, and I could have a flower garden, I'd be contented," she said energetically.

"Come, dig your flower beds, Mrs. Fox," said Lonsdale's quiet voice. "Hidden Water has come back, and you will have to change the name of Dry creek. Come down and see."

Incredulous, the two women followed him to the creek. Their ears heard the welcome sound of rushing water, and they beheld the marvelous sight of the brimming creek snaking among the hills and across the plain.

In her mind's eye Eve saw the green grass on her hills, cattle and sheep dotting the ranges. Prosperity had come to the ranch with the return of the Hidden Water.

She turned to Lonsdale.

"Oh, how can I ever repay you!" she breathed gratefully.

The look in his eyes told her there was only one way he wished to be repaid, but he put her grateful words aside and gave her wise advice about the management of the ranch. She would need a good foreman. He recommended Dal Johnson, an experienced and trustworthy cattleman. "Dal will pick out the right men to help you," he assured her.

"But you—won't you stay?" she asked.

"I'm sorry, but I'm going back east," he said.

All the gladness went out of Eve's face. Suddenly the lure of the southwest left her cold and lonely. She checked herself angrily. "What is the matter with me?" she asked, and her heart answered:

"You love him—this unknown man!"

Thereafter Eve, self conscious and miserable, steeled herself against betraying her heart to the stranger who had won it.

In a day or two Lonsdale bade them goodby and dropped out of their lives.

Those were busy days at Hidden Water. Dal Johnson was a hustler, and under his sway the dream of Eve's life came true. Cattle and sheep dotted her green hillsides, Cousin Hannah's garden bloomed, and the music of the rushing creek sounded day and night.

Eve grew to hate the sound of the water. Always it seemed to say, "Where is John Lonsdale—where is he?"

One day Eve found courage to ask Dal Johnson about Lonsdale. "Where did he go?" she asked.

"Went back to his pa in New York. You know, his pa is a big gun in Wall street, and he told John to come west and see what he could do for himself. Sort of trying him out, you know.

"Well, he came to Cactus county and bought the next ranch to this, and it looked like he'd bought a gold brick—all dry and sandy. And one day when he was plumb discouraged and about to write home and tell his pa he'd made a mess of it and begging for tickets home and a stool in the office, why, one day he found that Hidden Water had burst through the sand on his place, and, well, he came into his own then.

"But as soon as he found it had been diverted from your place, a woman's undertaking, you know, why, hang it all, the fool just plugged up the stream on his place. It took weeks to do it, and so the Hidden Water came back to you."

"Oh!" cried Eve sharply. "And so Mr. Lonsdale"— Her voice broke.

"Mr. Lonsdale is a man. He's gone back to tell his pa that he's failed and to sit on that stool when his whole heart's longing for the open country." Johnson spoke regretfully.

Before night a message was flashing across the country to John Lonsdale in his stuffy office:

We need you at Hidden Water. Won't you come back? EVE.

He replied:

Do you know my price?

And she answered:

I want you anyway.

THE FIRST SKYSCRAPER.

It Was Designed by a Savoy Architect Three Centuries Ago.

Credit for the first skyscraper built in this country is generally conceded to Chicago. It was built in the "loop district" of that city in 1886, from plans by Holabird & Roche. The first example of lofty building in New York city was the structure at 50 Broadway, designed by Bradford Lee Gilbert in 1888. A few years later both these wonders became insignificant and practically forgotten because they were so greatly outdone by succeeding skyscrapers. But these were not the initial efforts, for a skyscraper was designed nearly three centuries ago, many generations before the discovery of the steel cage system of this day.

Jacques Perret, an architect of Chambery, Savoy, is the accredited author of plans for an eleven story building, 361 feet in height, which must have had twice the space between floors, for today eleven stories are crowded within a height of 150 feet. Perret's building was planned to be 166 feet long and 140 feet wide, with supporting walls twelve feet thick at the base.

While never executed, the project of Perret in many ways was a remarkable prophetic vision. Evidently it was intended for dwelling purposes, for in describing the project he wrote, "This great and excellent edifice can accommodate comfortably 500 people."—New York Post.

INDELIBLE MARKING.

Advantages of Using Just Ordinary Blueprint Solution.

There are many occasions upon which it is necessary to mark linen or wearing apparel indelibly with one's name and address, yet the ink sold for this purpose is not always convenient to use or attractive in appearance, says the American Boy.

A very good substitute is the ordinary blueprint powder, sold by any photographic dealer, a thick solution being made and used just as the ordinary ink would be. Instead of fixing this by the use of a hot iron, it is made permanent simply by washing in several changes of cold water. When thoroughly fixed the writing will appear in a very pretty shade of blue. Should you prefer, a rubber stamp may be used instead of a pen. In this case a little glycerine should be mixed with the solution, which should be spread upon a clean cloth or blotter. This is then used as an inking pad for the stamp.

Aside from its convenience marking with blue print solution has the advantage that traces of the writing or any stains caused by it may be removed if desired by the application of a solution of tannin.

Gagadig Gigadab.

There was a quaint old man in Manchester, England, who for many years went by the unique name of Gagadig Gigadab. His original name was John Smith, and for many years he brooded over the possibilities of mistaken identity involved in it. The name figured frequently in criminal records, and he became abnormally apprehensive lest he might be confused with some of the bad John Smiths. At last what he feared so much actually happened. One morning the papers reported the arrest of an accountant in a bank for embezzlement, and through some blunder of the reporter the identity of the embezzler was confused with the subject of this article, who was also a bank accountant. Then and there he determined to assume a name if he could no other ever borne by mortal man. And in Gagadig Gigadab most people will agree that he succeeded in so doing.

Excitement.

People who easily get excited don't usually live nearly so long as people who keep calm. Excitement, in fact, wastes the vitality and affects one's health to a very great extent. This is true, too, of all who seek excitement, whether physical or mental. Excitement makes the pulse beat above the ordinary rate, and one's reserve of energy is used up so much the quicker. Occasional excitement, however, is very good for one's health, especially where the pulse is slow, but the natural condition of the body should be one of calmness and regularity.

Modern Efficiency.

"I don't see how Adele could possibly stop to get married. She has such a passion for traveling."

"But she did it to save time."

"How's that?"

"She married a shipping clerk and now he packs all her trunks for her."—Judge.

He Wasn't Acrobatic.

Miss Prue Dent—Papa says you are improvident and that he will never consent to my marrying a man unable to make both ends meet. Orrville Hardupe—Well, I'm afraid I shall never be able to do so. I'm no contortionist. Good evening.

Touch That Failed.

Mrs. Winks—It was a touching story that that poor man told you, wasn't it? Mr. Winks—Well, he thought it would enable him to touch me for $10, but it didn't.—Somerville Journal.

Those Husbands!

He—Where does your wife carry her street car fare? His Neighbor—In the other woman's purse. Honest, though you'd think she wanted to pay it.—Judge.

It is sad to love and be unloved, but sadder still to be unable to love.—Maeterlinck.

The Mania

Weird Story of a Man Who Must Move On.

By F. A. MITCHEL

When I was a young man I went west and settled in Atchison, Kan. That was just after the close of the war between the states, and the Kansas jayhawkers, as the proslavery men were called, were settling down to peaceful pursuits. I confess I was of a wandering disposition. Not satisfied to remain in Atchison, I went to Topeka. But I was not satisfied there either and concluded to go down to Santa Fe, N. M. It was on this trip that I received a shock that sent me back to my home in Ohio, where I have lived ever since, my desire for wandering about the land having been entirely eradicated.

I could have gone south in a stagecoach, but there was money to be made in those days in shipping goods into the heart of New Mexico, and I determined to take a stock of household articles with me over the freighting road of the period. I concluded to outfit at Denver and went there for the purpose. I had money and credit together to buy three wagons, with the teams to haul them, and hired two men.

I hadn't been out a week when one of the men took sick and died suddenly. This left me short handed. Then one of my wagons broke down, and I was obliged to leave it at a ranch on the way. In crossing the Rio Grande my second wagon went over a ledge of rock on the river bottom and was a total loss, the man driving it being drowned. I had pluck enough to go on with the remaining wagon, and if it had not been for what I'm going to tell you I might have continued to be a wanderer to the present day.

One evening I camped on the bank of the Rio Grande. There was a branch wagon road running for a short distance parallel with the road I was on and half a mile away. I had fed my stock, eaten my supper and was smoking my pipe, feeling mighty lonesome. The night had come on, and there was a moon, three-quarters full, shining through a dreary, misty atmosphere.

It was the kind of night to bring on a depression of spirits, and I felt such a depression stealing over me. My efforts to throw it off were in vain. Oh, why, I asked myself, did I leave a comfortable home to camp alone in such a dead place? I felt that I was in a vise from which I could not escape. I had been born a wanderer, I would live a wanderer, I would die a wanderer.

While I was sitting there trying to keep up my spirits by pulling lustily on my pipe—for the glow of the burning tobacco was the only cheerful thing about—I heard the creaking of a wagon, which seemed to come from the other road. I listened, and, sure enough, there was that familiar creak, only in this case it was more pronounced than I had ever heard it, as though every stick of timber, every hub, every spoke, was loose.

Then I heard something else that was even far more dismal than the wagon creak. It was a woman's voice trying to get the team onward, and I judged that she was having a hard time doing it, for presently she broke down, and I could hear that she was crying.

At this I got right up off the box I was sitting on and lit out in the direction the sounds came from. After passing through a low growth of brush I emerged upon the other road, and there was a wagon standing stock still, one hind wheel in a hole up to the hub. It was the sorriest looking vehicle I ever saw. Every bit of paint had been worn or washed off it, and the cover was rotten and full of holes, the whole looking as if it were ready to fall to pieces. There were two horses harnessed to it, both emaciated, most of the leather having been replaced with rope. I didn't see any human being about till, hearing a moan, I looked on the other side of the road, and there, sitting on a stump, was a woman—a young woman apparently, though since her face was covered with her hands I couldn't tell her age.

"Cheer up, young woman," I said. "I'm ready to help you. What are you doing here alone without a man, driving a team and wagon at this time of night?"

The only reply I received was a moan. I went to her and took her hands from her face and looked down on it. It was very sweet, but very melancholy. In the faded cheeks I could discern traces of beauty. Beauty there was in a pair of flaring eyes, though there was something uncanny about them. The hands I took in mine were icy, but the night was chill, and the poor girl was thinly clad. Indeed, her apparel corresponded with the rest of the outfit.

I was so moved by the pitiful sight that I put an arm about her. She let her head fall upon my shoulder and wept afresh.

I desired to comfort her, but her sobs did not cease, and I continued to clasp a form of marble. Her face was toward mine, but I felt no breath.

Notwithstanding her pitiful condition I could but wonder what in the world a girl who could not have been more than nineteen years old could be doing in such a peculiar situation. It struck me that I was myself in the midst of something weird. There were the horses, skin and bone, their heads hanging low; the broken down wagon, dim in the mist, while I was caressing a weeping girl on the road side.

"Come," I said to her; "let me at least try to help you. Tell me your troubles."

She looked up at me through those eyes of hers, so black that they were the only thing about me clearly visible in the dull light of the moon, and for the first time in my life I realized what is meant by the word despair, that condition wherein the last shred of hope is gone. Then she spoke, and the voice was like the features—weird and uncanny.

"It all comes of the mania."

"What mania?" I asked.

"For wandering."

I started. The girl continued:

"Father must have been born with it. I heard grandma say once that when he was a little boy less than ten years old he ran away from home. They got him back, but could not keep him. As a little girl I can remember mother trying to persuade him to be contented at home. But he wouldn't. He insisted on going to Omaha, taking mother and us children with him, and there he outfitted a wagon train and started for Pikes peak, where every one was then going. On the way he heard that there was gold in the mountains and kept on westward. That was a hot summer, and on the dry alkali plains the wood in the wagons shrunk and most of the wheels fell to pieces. We had seven wagons at starting, but before we reached the foothills all the wheels had dropped to pieces except enough for three wagons. We went on with these three, leaving the rest with the goods they contained for the Indians and the birds.

"Mother died before we reached the mountains. I think it was worry killed her, and from that time father was discouraged. Still he kept on. When he got to the reported gold fields everybody was leaving them. They had turned out to be worthless. He turned southward, and we then struck Denver. We children begged father to stay there, but he wouldn't. He said that the great southwest was looming up and there were fortunes to be made there.

"One of the remaining wagons broke down, and Willie got sick and died. We buried him beside the road soon after leaving Denver. Edith went next. She was five years old. Then the baby died in my arms. That left only father and me."

The poor girl fell to weeping again and I drew her closer to me and kissed her cheek. It was like a piece of cold marble. Wishing to hear what remained of the story, I encouraged her to go on:

"After they had gone and this wagon was all that was left of our teams father promised he would go to Santa Fe and stay there. We reached the outskirts of the town, and he said that since he had promised me to remain at the next stopping place and we must spend the rest of our lives there we had better turn about and go home. I didn't see how we were going to get home, but I assented. Father was very miserable by this time, and I feared he would break down on the way. And so he did. A week after leaving Santa Fe he died and left me all alone."

There was an infinite depth of misery in the words "all alone." I had got the story and refrained from giving the sufferer more pain by asking her to speak further of her troubles. Touching her cold cheek again with my lips, I said:

"Be comforted. I will return to the wagon and come back with food and the wherewithal to enable you to rest. I will bring matches and make a fire to warm you, for you are cold."

She looked up at me gratefully, but without a single glimmer of hope. I asked her if I could not do something to make her more comfortable while I was away, and she said not, adding, "All I fear is that the mania, the only legacy father left me, will seize me."

"Resist it," I said. "In less than half an hour I will be with you with food, with blankets, with everything you need, and give you one good night's rest, and when tomorrow comes"—

"Tomorrow!"

Oh, the look she gave me when she spoke the word, and in what a tone of voice it was spoken!

I dashed away through the brush, sometimes leaping over it, till I reached my own camp. Snatching up a few articles of food, some blankets and matches, I ran back to where I had left the girl.

The wagon, the horses, the girl herself, had disappeared. Everything was still, motionless, except that the top of a bush beside the stump on which she had been sitting waved in the wind. I listened and heard a creaking in the distance, while something like a sob came back. But I was in doubt if it was a sob or the words "The mania!"

For the first time I began to suspect that either something in my brain was wrong or that I had seen the spectral. I dragged myself back to my camp.

The next morning I wondered if I had dreamed or had really gone out in the night. I went over to the spot to satisfy my curiosity. There was the rut in which the wagon had been stalled; there was the stump on which the girl had been sitting. But there was no wagon, no horses, no girl. The only moving thing was the bush behind the stump on which she had been sitting. It still vibrated in the wind.

A month from that night I was back at home and have remained there ever since.

ONCE A SOVEREIGN STATE.

Now Noli Is Simply a Fishing Village With a Past.

One of the oldest and quaintest little independent states that ever existed in Europe—the play republic of Noli, founded before Rome and maintaining its liberty for many centuries until Napoleon swept away its privileges—is today merely a fishing village near Genoa, but it is full of reminders of its former greatness and affords a wonderful glimpse of mediaeval times. Destroyed by the Carthaginians in 217 B. C., and who knows how often by subsequent marauders, there seemed no limit to her powers of recovery.

This quaint little fishing village maintained itself as a sovereign state for centuries, took a prominent part in the quarrels of Guelphs and Ghibellines, sent doughty warriors to the Crusades, commanded the interest of emperors and popes and only succumbed at last to the armies of Napoleon. Dante clambered hither over terrible hills on hands and knees and revenged himself by consigning Noli to his "Purgatory."

Everybody is rich in this poor man's paradise, says the Wide World Magazine. During the anchovy months it is not rare for the 120 boats to earn $4,000 in a night, or $75,000 in a season. Through fish alone a man earns far more than a clerk, besides which he has no "appearances" to keep up. Under these happy conditions he soon acquires land and houses, which afford a steady revenue while he sleeps or fishes. The earth here has only to be scratched in order to bring forth wealth, so rich is the soil and so abundant the water.

PERILOUS ATHLETICS.

Sport That Wrecks the Heart an Evil to Be Avoided.

"No one will gainsay the value and pleasure of outdoor exercise graduated to suit the needs of every individual throughout life," says the Journal of the American Medical Association, "but the species of overdoing called for in the intense competition of the great contests of our schools and colleges can no longer be defended by platitudes regarding the alleged psychologic value of its competitive features. The time has come when statistics regarding latent athletic injuries must be reckoned with and the lives of our youths safeguarded by making a distinction between sane sport and insane participation in the intolerable strain of competitive games of the extreme type."

The same paper says the authorities of colleges need to be reminded in an emphatic way, in the words of Dr. R. N. Wilson of Philadelphia, that "no form of athletic event is sane that demands of the participants the semiconscious state of heart exhaustion at its conclusion."

And it denounces the daredevil forms of "sport" that depend for their thrill **on nearest possible approach to death by the actors in them, such, for example, as "looping the loop" in an aeroplane or driving a motorcar a hundred miles an hour. Such, it says, are not sport, but degeneracy.**

A Strange Situation.

"Humor is a very funny thing," said Binks.

"It ought to be," said the philosopher.

"Oh, I don't mean that way," said Binks. "I mean that it is a strange thing. Now, I can't speak French, but I can always understand a French joke, and I can speak English, but I'm blessed if I can see an English joke."

"Most people are," said the philosopher.

"Are what?" said Binks.

"Blessed if they can see an English joke," said the philosopher. "It is a sign of an unusually keen vision."

Force of the Imagination.

There is a story of a man who was tied up in a dark room and informed that he was to be put to death by bleeding. His tormentors made a small incision in his neck and arranged for a stream of lukewarm water to trickle down his back for fifteen minutes. At the end of fifteen minutes the man died of exhaustion. He had not lost a drop of blood, but he thought he had. Such is the power of suggestion.—London Saturday Review.

Disraeli's Humor.

I was introduced by particular request to Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, a pretty little woman, a flirt and a rattle—indeed, gifted with a volubility I should think unequaled and of which I can convey no idea. She told me she liked "silent, melancholy men." I answered that I had no doubt of it.—Letter of Benjamin Disraeli to His Sister.

Different Effects.

"The same thing will make entirely different impressions on different readers," remarked the man who writes.

"Quite so," replied the lawyer. "Letters which bring tears to a girl's eyes frequently make a jury laugh."—Washington Star.

Paraguay Lace.

Lace making was taught the natives of Paraguay by missionaries two centuries ago. Today in all towns of 8,000 inhabitants many of the men and nearly all the women and children make lace collarets, handkerchiefs and ladies' ties.

Accomplished.

Blobbs—I never knew such a liar as Longbow. Slobbs—Yes. That fellow could actually eat an onion and lie out of it.—Philadelphia Record.

Diversity of opinion proves that things are only what we think them.—Montaigne.

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FOR CONGRESS

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Charles H. Rowland, of Philipsburg, Centre County, as a candidate for re-election to a second term in Congress in accordance with the custom and usages of the Republican voters and Republican organizations of the Twenty-first Congressional District, composed of the counties of Clearfield, Centre, McKean and Cameron, at the Uniform Primary election, May 16th, 1916.

The winter of political discontent seems to be just approaching, although the usual winter season is apparently on the home stretch.

It is said that United States Senator Cummins, of Iowa, will enter the primaries in Pennsylvania as a Republican aspirant for President.

The common ground upon which Republicans and Progressives seem destined to get together is the universal belief in the need of a Republican administration of affairs at Washington.

THE FIGHT IS ON.

The anticipated fight between Senator Penrose on the one side and Governor Brumbaugh and a group of friends on the other for control of the Republican party organization in the State is on and all signs are that it will go to a finish. The test of strength between the opposing forces will come at the primaries in May.

Allied with Governor Brumbaugh in support of Speaker Ambler, of Montgomery County, for nomination for Auditor General, are Mayor Smith and the Vares, in Philadelphia; Public Service Commissioner W. A. Magee, in Pittsburgh; Congressman Griest, in Lancaster County; Insurance Commissioner Charles A. Johnson, in Montgomery County, and office-holders under the Brumbaugh administration scattered in all parts of the State. On the Penrose side may be said to be the Republican State organization as now constituted, excepting, of course, former Penrose lieutenants at present holding positions by grace of Governor Brumbaugh. The Penrose side also includes whatever strength may be commanded in Philadelphia by State Senator McNichol, and certain independent Republicans in that city who have accepted Penrose and McNichol in preference to the Vares. With such a formidable line-up on both sides it may clearly be foreseen that Pennsylvania is due for a contest that will be fast and furious from now until the primaries.

Speaker Ambler is not acceptable to the Penrose element for Auditor General. Penrose may center his strength behind State Senator Charles A. Snyder, of Schuylkill County, although it may be that he will bring forward a candidate who thus far has not figured in the race. Speaker Ambler originally was brought out by the Vares. In the last Legislature he was put forward by the Vares for Speaker. The war being waged against Penrose by the Vares is one for revenge and dates back four years when Penrose opposed the candidacy for Congressman Vare for Mayor of Philadelphia.

In the preliminaries for the battle for supremacy little has been said on the subject, but unless all signs are wrong the Brumbaugh side will wage a fight not only for the overthrow of Penrose but for the triumph of local option in the next Legislature. The Governor has publicly committed himself to a Statewide campaign for the election of local option members of the Senate and House. His personal choice for Auditor General, Speaker Ambler, was an ardent champion for local option in the last Legislature.

It may be reasonably expected that Centre County will be included in the contest. In this Congressional district Mr. Gaffney, of Kane, and Mr. Scrope, of Clearfield, are the Penrose candidates for national delegates. Present indications are that there will be four or five active candidates for the Legislature, some probably publicly pledged to local option. It is too early to forecast what the line-up will be.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year in advance.

Lost and Found

Story of a Bridegroom With Dramatic Tastes

By CLARISSA MACKIE

When Robert Dwight married Mildred Corson every one said that they would be happy if Dwight did not go on the stage, for which he had a strong leaning. Mildred was very much in love with him, and it was feared that if he was separated from her, to be surrounded by actresses, not only would she be jealous, but he might be tempted to leave her in the lurch.

They were married early in February, intending to go south to meet the summer coming north. A large number of friends saw them joined, pelted them with rice and old shoes, and they were driven to the dock from which they were to sail. On boarding the ship they found their stateroom a mass of flowers sent to them by their friends. In two or three days they found themselves in Jacksonville, Fla.

To Mildred Dwight, who had been a lonely little stenographer when Robert fell in love with and married her, this leisurely life of the well to do was a delightful experience.

Robert Dwight was far from poor, his business was a prosperous one, and there was no economizing during this wedding trip. And, best of all, there was waiting for them in New York a luxuriously furnished apartment which was to be home.

No wonder the Dwights were blissfully happy, and it is not surprising that on this winter morning Mildred looked from her hotel window into a summer land of tropical flowers and singing birds and decided that this was heaven indeed.

Robert had gone out to buy some cigars at a queer little tobacco shop at the end of a crooked street, and when he returned they were going for a long drive under the palms.

Mildren glanced at the clock. Robert had been gone over an hour, and the motorcar was waiting below.

Another hour ticked away and thirty minutes more.

After the manner of brides, Mildred became alarmed over the long absence of her loved one, and, twisting a white chiffon veil over her little hat, she went out to look for him. She know the way to the tobacco shop, and she soon reached the crooked street.

Her heart sank when she saw that down its length were an unusual number of people.

Had anything happened to Robert?

She moved through the crowd, not daring to ask for fear of the answer she might receive, and she had nearly reached the end of the street and the shop when something happened—something that shattered her beautiful bubble of happiness and ended that most blissful of honeymoons.

Mildred saw Robert coming out of the tobacco shop. He paused in the doorway to light a cigarette. How handsome he looked in his well fitting white flannels, with a white hat set back on his dark hair! He tossed the match away and glanced up the street.

His face brightened into radiance; his eyes glowed with excitement and lover's ardor.

Mildred thought he saw her, but he was looking at another woman, a woman who was running down the opposite pavement. Nay, she was only a slight young girl, exquisitely lovely and evidently in deep distress.

As she ran toward Robert he advanced to meet her with outstretched hands. The cigarette he had tossed aside performed a blazing parabola and fell at Mildred's feet. But she did not see it.

Her anguished eyes saw nothing save the glad look in Robert's face and the joy of the girl as she flew into his waiting arms.

"You!" cried Robert.

Mildred saw no more. She fled back along the crooked street with a wildly beating heart and an insane desire to laugh loud.

Did any woman ever have such an odd ending to a honeymoon?

An hour later she left the hotel with her trunks and handbag, and what excuse she made to the clerk I do not know, but there was no message for Robert Dwight when he came home at last to find her gone.

* * * * * * *

Six months later and it was summer time in New England. Mildred Dwight had resumed her maiden name of Mildred Corson and had obtained a responsible position in one of the large manufacturies of a Connecticut city.

As Miss Corson she acceptably filled her position and won her way into the hearts of her fellow clerks. Not one of them knew of the tragedy which had blighted her honeymoon, nor did one of them guess that Mildred had ever been a bride.

She found a pleasant boarding place and congenial friends. In the city were several good theaters and an occasional concert.

Still Mildred was very unhappy. She loved her husband, and, although the newspapers had told her that Robert was making a worldwide search for his vanished bride, she maintained silence toward those who had known her in the past.

There came a Saturday in August with its customary half holiday from work. Mildred had spent a quiet afternoon in her own room, and after the evening meal one of her new acquaintances, Cora Fields, came with an invitation to attend one of the open air moving picture theaters.

Mildred rather liked the silent drama, so, clad in dainty white gowns, the two girls entered the inclosure and found seats near the front.

Overhead the stars were shining, and outside the inclosure was the hum of city street traffic. The orchestra was unusually good, and Mildred found herself strangely stirred when the violins drifted into McDowell's beautiful "To a Wild Rose."

The orchestra had played the melody during their first meal in that Florida hotel, and it brought back painful memories of her brief spell of happiness.

Then the title of the play was flashed on the screen.

"Lost and Found."

With the first picture came a realizing sense of looking upon familiar scenes. Surely, surely this was the sunny south and the quaint streets those of Jacksonville.

And the girl!

Mildred almost arose from her seat and cried out with surprise as she recognized the lovely face of the heroine as that of the woman who had flown to Robert's arms. So Robert's sweetheart was an actress!

One scene after another flashed before her vision, melting into a whole, which brought her, trembling and incredulous, to the moment when she found herself gazing down the crooked little street of the tobacco shop.

Then she saw her own slender figure and white veiled face looking toward the shop from which her husband, Robert, was emerging, lighting a cigarette. The entire scene was repeated, incident for incident. He tossed away the match, glanced up the street, became eager, alert, tenderly smiling, flung away his cigarette and advanced with outstretched arms to meet the heroine's graceful flying form.

Robert in the moving picture! Why, how had it happened?

All the way home she was asking herself the question, and through the darkness of her perplexity and doubt came one ray of light. During his college days Robert had been one of the college players and was considered a talented amateur actor.

"I am glad he married the girl," sighed Cora as they reached Mildred's door.

"Yes," said Mildred absently, "but he was married before that."

"Who was married before?" asked Cora, puzzled.

"Why, Robert, of course."

"But there was no Robert. His name was Arthur."

"I am stupid tonight," was Mildred's only explanation as she parted from her friend.

The next day Mildred obtained leave of absence and in her straightforward way went directly to New York and called at her husband's office.

She was trembling like a leaf when she was shown into Robert's private office.

He stared at her as one looks at the newly risen dead. His face was thin and worn and his brown hair sprinkled with gray.

"Robert!" she said meekly and then promptly fainted away. When she opened her eyes she was lying on the leather couch, and Robert was on his knees bending over her. His eyes were tender and anxious.

"Can you ever forgive me?" was her first cry.

"Yes, dearest," he said generously. "But tell me what happened to send you away from me that day? I have searched land and sea for you, and I had given you up for dead when you appeared before me."

In a few broken sentences Mildred told her husband of her surprise and jealousy that day in Jacksonville and how when she was assured of his perfidy she had taken a train for the north and disappeared. Then the motion picture play on the screen had thrown a ray of light on the matter.

Robert's explanation made that ray a brilliant light of understanding which cleared up the mystery which had parted bride and groom for almost a year.

"You remember I told you I always acted in our college theatricals," he reminded her, "and many of my friends had urged me to enter the profession. But I did not seriously consider it and only now and then hankered to tread the stage.

"But that morning in Jacksonville I started down to the tobacco shop with only one thought in my mind—to get back to you. As I turned into the street I met my old friend of college days, Jack Budlong, president of our Players' club. He was glad to see me and tearing his hair insanely over the fact that his star performer had come down with the measles that very morning.

"Budlong fell upon me like a long lost brother and pleaded with me to take the part of the measled one. So I did, and when I reached the hotel, full of my experiences and with Miss Gray and Budlong accompanying me to meet the only woman in the world, why, my wife had vanished without a word. So you believed that I was false to you?"

Mildred's punishment had been great, indeed, and she humbly acknowledged her lack of faith. "But how was I to know?" she asked pitifully.

Robert smiled wisely.

"In great love there is no faltering of faith," he gently reminded her as he drew her face to his shoulder. "As the man in the play lost and found his sweetheart, so I lost my wife and have found her"—

"With a greater love for you and unwavering faith," finished Mildred.

CURIOUS JAPANESE RITE.

The Art of Divination Through the Use of Tortoise Shell.

The curious art of divination through the medium of tortoise shell is very popular throughout the island kingdom, being used upon many occasions to ascertain the timeliness or possibility of various projects. The importance of this practice in the eyes of the Japanese may be inferred from the fact that the fields in which the sacred rice for the coronation ceremony was grown were selected through tortoise shell divination.

The divination is effected by first worshiping a god called Uravanokami. Then a tortoise shell is taken and scraped inside until quite thin and the outside surface polished. In the shell are several hollow squares in each of which there is a certain sign marked in black ink. The whole is then baked under great heat, causing cracks to appear in the surface. These cracks are then studied in accordance with the formulae in the divination book, the result being a sort of code message from the gods.

This is not the earliest form of divination known in Japan. Previously there was a kind called Futomani, in which the shoulder blade of a stag was used in place of a tortoise shell. The tortoise shell method, which probably came from China, was considered an improvement and was probably adopted because it was something new, for at that time the Japanese were seizing upon all things foreign.—Japanese Magazine.

OLD TIME WITCH FINDERS.

Sure Signs by Which Agents of the Evil One Were Detected.

Three hundred years ago the business of finding out witches was well established and accepted in courts of law as highly proper.

In 1649 it is recorded that the magistrates of Newcastle, England, sent to Scotland for an expert witch finder. This gifted person proceeded to show his skill by quickly discovering fifteen witches and securing their conviction. One Matthew Hopkins, was a celebrated witch finder of that period.

It was easy to discover witches when you knew how. The suspected person could be forced to weep and then detected by the well known fact that a witch could shed only three tears and those from the left eye, or she could be pricked with pins to discover the spot insensible to pain, which was a sure sign of dealings with the devil.

That women were far more likely to dabble in witchcraft than men was conceded. The reason was satisfactorily explained by a famous German text book on witches published in the fifteenth century. It was simply that women were inherently wicked, whereas men naturally inclined to goodness.—Exchange.

The Czar Bell.

One of the best known bells in the world has, strange to say, never been rung—that known as the Czar Kolokol, or the czar bell. This bell is said to be the largest anywhere. There is an interesting history attached to it. When it had been cast attempt was made to hang it so that it might be rung, but by an unhappy chance it broke from its supports and fell to the ground, wherein it made a great hole, into which it sank and lay for many years. Finally, after more than a hundred years of oblivion, it was raised and placed in a public square in Moscow, where it now stands. This bell weighs more than 440,000 pounds and is more than nineteen feet in height and sixty feet in circumference.

The Unreality of Opera.

There are people who still complain of the unreality of opera who cannot subject themselves to its illusion. And indeed the illusion of opera breaks down if everything in it is not kept at the same distance from reality. In that world of musical expression we must never be suddenly lowered by any incongruous detail into the ordinary world of prose. Realism, the attempt to work upon the emotions by complete illusion of reality, is disastrous in opera. If the scene is a railway station we remember at once that people do not sing when they are catching trains.—London Times.

Little Else.

A London attorney named Else, rather diminutive in his stature and not particularly respectable in his character, once met Jekyll. "Sir," said he, "I hear you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel. Have you done so sir?"

"Sir," said Jekyll, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel, but I said you were 'little Else.'"—Westminster Gazette.

Incomplete Comprehension.

"A great many people talk about things they don't understand."

"Of course," replied Miss Cayenne. "If we all thoroughly understood everything it is considered necessary to talk about we should all be immoderately wise—and sometimes rather impolite."—Washington Star.

Midchannel.

"Well, old chap, how have you been since you embarked on the sea of matrimony?"

"Oh—er—just a little seasick at times!"—Boston Transcript.

True.

"It takes two to make a quarrel."

"Yes, and very often it takes a jury of twelve to settle it."—Detroit Free Press.

We are sure to get the better of fortune if we do but grapple with her.—Seneca.

SOME IMPORTED WORDS.

Their Use Here and Their Meanings In Their Native Land.

You are so familiar with those three imported words, chauffeur, tonneau and limousine, that it would never occur to you to ask whether they really apply to the objects which they have been made to describe.

You know that a chauffeur is the man who is hired to drive a motorcar. The mere driving of the car is not the thing which gives the name its significance, for it does not apply to the owner of the car when he drives. In like manner you know that the tonneau is the part of the machine which is behind the driver's seat and accommodates three or five persons. When the possessor of an automobile is sufficiently opulent he has a limousine body for winter use, and probably it is electric heated and has a bunch of fresh flowers in the wall vase every morning. To these three vocables, with their smell of greenbacks and their rattle of silks, we might add another, even more suggestive of the expenditure of money, the word "hangar," which was dragged into the language when the gilded youth wearied of sixty horsepower speed and took to the air.

Would you be shocked to learn that a hangar, in rural France, where aeroplanes are almost unknown, is nothing but a shed for the farm cart? And what of the chauffeur? The high school girl was horrified to find, by consulting her dictionary, that he was either a fireman or a braggart. Almost as disconcerting was the revelation that a "tonneau" was nothing but a vat or tub. But the cruelest blow of all fell when the limousine was shown up as rough goatskin, worn by peasants near Limoges.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HOLLAND'S SUBMARINE.

The Motive That Is Said to Have Inspired the Inventor.

John P. Holland, the inventor of the modern submarine, was an ardent advocate of freedom for Ireland, says a writer in World's Work. With this end in view, he allied himself with the Fenian movement in America and designed for it a type of vessel with which he hoped to destroy England's fleet. The Fenians financed the scheme, and Holland designed a boat which for several months entertained the people on the waters around New York.

The Fenians had done everything they could to keep the thing a secret, though rumors of the usual "British spies" were numerous. Occasionally an excursion boat or a tug would be amazed to see a peculiar contrivance suddenly stick its head out of the waters. There were stories that it was a sea serpent, or a whale, or a derelict. When the conning tower opened, however, and Holland's good natured Irish face suddenly peered out on the outside world the mystery was explained.

The inventor had no difficulty in operating in all the waters about New York. His boat handled easily, deftly and safely, the only trouble being, as always, with the engine. The newspapers, which devoted columns to his under water voyages, dubbed the vessel the Fenian Ram, a name more picturesque than descriptive, as it was not a ram at all, but a torpedo boat.

Burial Customs of the Hittites.

Although the tombs of the necropolis had been rifled at an early date, a great deal that is new was learned about the burial customs of the Hittites. Graceful vases, simple in design and undecorated, held the ashes of the cremated body, together with any trinkets the person was wearing at the time of death. A small vase about a foot high was inclosed in a footed vessel of cylindrical shape, which was beautifully decorated in patterns like those of Crete and Cyprus. Around the middle vessel were grouped various dishes containing burial gifts or oil, most of them plain, but some of beautiful shape and as thin as modern china, though unglazed. It can well be seen that these two vessels would protect the ashes from dampness from below, but as both were open at the top there was a large cover, like an enormous bowl, inverted over the other two vessels.—Christian Herald.

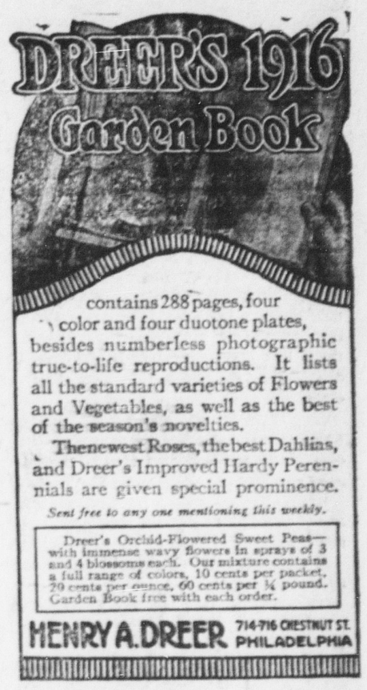
AWNINGS

Also Tents, Horse and Wagon Covers, etc. Walters Metal Shingles. Get Our Prices.

W. L. Steele, Jr.

Bellefonte Pa.

COMMERCIAL PHONE



contains 288 pages, four color and four duotone plates, besides numberless photographic true-to-life reproductions. It lists all the standard varieties of Flowers and Vegetables, as well as the best of the season's novelties.

The newest Roses, the best Dahlias, and Dreer's Improved Hardy Perennials are given special prominence.

Sent free to any one mentioning this weekly.

Dreer's Orchid-Flowered Sweet Peas—with immense wavy flowers in sprays of 3 and 4 blossoms each. Our mixture contains a full range of colors, 10 cents per packet, 20 cents per ounce, 60 cents per ¼ pound. Garden Book free with each order.

HENRY A. DREER 714-716 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA

DRESSMAKERS' FRIEND

Bias, Band and Box Plait Folder

No basting required, as you pass the band through the folder follow it with flatiron and press the band so the two edges to the folder turn under. Will stay to their places. Five different widths, from ½ inch to 3 inch. Made out of spring brass No breakage. Always ready for use. Manufactured and sold by

G. S. CLEMENTS

Bellefonte, Pa. Shop Bishop Street

Price per set of 5 folders—$1 00

Well Did You Ever

hear of A Year's Treatment for $1.00? No. Well, thats what you get and something more. 30 days free trial before you pay. Wonderful new treatment for colds, catarrh, Asthma, sore throat. Heals and opens the air passages of the head, nose and throat. Strengthens the lungs, helps to ward against pneumonia and tuberculosis. Remember you are the judge. Order now, today.

FOREST CHEMICAL WORKS

1401 E. 3d Street. Williamsport, Pa.

"URIC ACID NEVER CAUSED RHEUMATISM"

I WANT to prove it to your satisfaction. If you have Rheumatism or Neuritis, acute or chronic—no matter what your condition—write to-day for my FREE BOOK on "RHEUMATISM—Its Cause and Cure." Thousands call it "The most wonderful book ever written." Don't send a stamp—it's ABSOLUTELY FREE.

JESSE A. CASE

Dept. 941 Brockton, Mass.

Got some money for Xmas, didn't you? Don't you think you'd better get something for it that will last you for many many years? Jewelry and Silverware will do it.

Think It Over.

F. P. BLAIR & SON

JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS

Bellefonte, Pa.

Correspondence

Milesburg.

Roland Bryan, of Altoona, spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Margaret Haupt, of Altoona, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Baird.

L. C. Smith, of Mill Hall, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Bryan.

County Supt. D. O. Etters, of State College, spent Monday visiting the Borough Schools.

Asst. County Supt. F. M. Pletcher, of Howard, visited the schools on last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace, of Tyrone, visited Saturday with relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. William Pletcher, of McKeesport, were visitors in town on Saturday.

Mrs. Howard Miles, of Unionville, spent Tuesday with Miss Ella Levy.

Miss Alice Rickard returned last Thursday from visiting in Williamsport.

Miss Rose Haupt spent Monday and Tuesday in State College.

Miss Sue Gregg is on the sick list.

Frank Shroyer, of Lewistown, spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Shroyer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Williams, of Hagerstown, Md., spent Saturday with friends in town.

John Shultz is on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Quick spent Thursday in Runville.

Mr. and Mrs. John Thomas, of Howard, moved into the house vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Reber on Tuesday.

Edward Quick left Tuesday for Jersey Shore on a business trip.

Perry Aikens, of Lewistown, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Aikens.

Clyde McKinley, of Altoona, Sundayed with Mr. and Mrs. Edward McKinley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Koontz, of Altoona, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Sheckler.

Mrs. Sue Newman and Miss Sue Lambert, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. William Newman.

Mrs. John Sheckler, of Bellefonte, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Sheckler.

George Hoover, of Altoona, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Sheckler.

Mr. and Mrs. William Stanley opened their ice cream parlor on Feb. 1st.

Mrs. George Sheckler spent Saturday in Unionville.

Miss Hannah Shroyer, who has been so critically ill, is very much improved at this writing.

Rev. S. S. Clark, of Westover, spent Friday in town seeing old friends.

Mrs. Jacob Snyder, who has been in the Altoona Hospital, returned home on Saturday.

Mrs. Edmundson, of State College, Sundayed with the Misses Gregg.

Miss Mary Boyle, of Filmore, spent Sunday with Mrs. Mary Murray.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shay, of Orviston spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Sol Shay.

H. T. Mann spent Friday in Lock Haven.

Mrs. Thurst Diehl, of Port Matilda, spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Warren Wood.

Mrs. Dan Lebkichner, of Snow Shoe, spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shope.

Mr. and Mrs. Blair, of Tyrone, spent part of Saturday with friends in town.

Miss Armeta Watson, of Yarnell, spent Sunday with Miss Mida McCartney.

Mrs. Joseph Fisher is visiting in Tyrone.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Hugg are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby boy on Tuesday morning.

George Croll and daughter spent Saturday in Mill Hall.

Earl Harvey, of Howard, spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Harvey.

Miss Verna King, of Zion, spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. H. Spear

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Yorks are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby boy on Friday.

A Welcome Pay Envelope

HONEST, old man, I don't know what we would have done without that ÆTNA ACCUMULATIVE ACCIDENT POLICY.

When a fellow lives on the "no-work-no-pay basis" and has nothing to fall back on, a cracked head and a broken arm don't get him anything. All he can do is sit around and wonder how the wife can scrape together enough to keep the family going. He just naturally worries himself twice as sick.

But this Ætna Accident Policy takes the place of the pay envelope. Gives you $50 a week as long as you're totally disabled by your injuries and $25 a week even though you are only partially disabled by them. Pays the bill for a surgical operation, too.

All you do is sit back and tell your broken head and arm: "All right, boys, take your time about healing. I'm provided for until you're fit again."

ÆTNA-IZE

Safeguard YOUR income against accident. Protect YOUR home from want. Let us explain how easy it is—how cheap. Write or telephone.

John F. Gray & Son

Bellefonte - Pa.

Mt. Eagle.

Mr. Womer and Clark Beatty each shipped a car load of mine props recently.

E. H. Leathers had his handle factory running a good part of last week.

J. F. Deitz purchased a new cow several days ago.

Clarence Leathers departed last week for Youngstown, Ohio, where he is employed in a munition factory.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Beatty and children, after spending a week with Mt. Eagle friends, returned to Howard last Saturday.

Miss Ethel Bitner and niece Miss Pearl Leathers were Lock Haven shoppers on Saturday.

T. G. Leathers has sold one of his houses to Mrs. Swab, who will take possession April 1st.

John Leathers has sold his property to Mrs. William Sayres, of Marsh Creek, who will occupy it in the spring.

Howard Neff last Wendesday went out to Pittsburgh on business

Last Thursday night a sled load from the Howard school were entertained at the homeof Mrs. Etta Leathers.

Rev. C. Rishell has quite a revival service in progress at the Kennedy M. E. church. About twenty-eight have been received and others are ready to go forward.

Ira Robinson and brother Irvin, who are digging coal at Snow Shoe, spent Sunday at home here.

Oliver Bitner, who is employed at Hayes Run, spent Sunday here with his mother.

John Thomas, who is engaged at the new works at the McCoy-Linn forge moved his family to Milesburg on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Mac Heinle, accompanied by Mrs. Acheson and Miss Helen Shaughnessy, from Bellefonte, spent Sunday in Mt. Eagle with the latter's grandmother, Mrs. J. R. Pheasant. They made the trip here in 13 minutes and 2 seconds in Mr. Heinle's car.

Mr. Thompson, of Snow Shoe, preached for the Kennedy people on Sunday evening. He is a very nice talker.

An Impartial Student.

We were walking through the apartments of his excellency Mr. Samarth, the prime minister of the gaekwar of Baroda, about two years ago, and noticed an open Bible on a table at the head of the prime minister's bed. I asked why he, a devout Hindu, was interested in the Bible. He replied: "I spend a half hour each day reading this book along with the sacred book of Hinduism. I have found it one of the greatest influences in developing my intellectual as well as my spiritual life. You may be interested to know," he continued, "that the educated men of India know the Bible, as a rule, quite as well as they know any one of their own sacred classics."—Christian Herald.

A Famous Compliment.

Of famous compliments paid to the fair sex the supply is so large and dazzling that it is a matter of no small difficulty to pick out the brightest gems, but if the following was unlooked for it certainly deserves a place among the best: Fontenelle when ninety years old passed before Mme. Helvetius without noticing her.

"Ah," said the lady, "that is your gallantry, then! To pass before me without ever looking at me!"

"If I had looked at you, madam," replied the old beau, "I never could have passed you at all."

Obviously Incompetent.

"Did old Dr. Gruffer seem to understand your complaint?"

"No; the man's an ignoramus. I explained to him I wanted to be advised to take perfect rest and a trip, and he said what I needed was to skip rope and stop thinking up imaginary troubles.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

A Preserver.

"How shall we preserve the forests?" said the worried woodsman.

"Leave it to my wife," replied the town idler. "A woman who can preserve green tomatoes and watermelon rinds oughtn't to be baffled by a few trees."—Washington Star.

Beauty Fills the House.

"Is she pretty?"

"Pretty? Why, that girl is so pretty that plenty of fellows are glad to call on her father and mother."—Pittsburgh Post.

True courage is not incompatible with nervousness, and heroism does not mean the absence of fear, but the conquest of it.

Howard.

THE BITTER AND SWEET.

The skies cannot always be clear, my dear;
The merriest eye may still have its tear;
The sorrow that lurks in your bosom today
Like the clouds, when you've wept, will go floating away.
And the skies will be blue that are sullen and gray.

If it's going to rain, my dear, it will rain;
The day will not brighten because you complain;
There are sorrows that every good woman must bear,
There are griefs of which every good man has a share;
It is only the fool who has never a care.

The skies cannot always be clear, my dear;
Sweets wouldn't be sweets were no bitterness here;
There could never be joy if there never was sorrow;
The sob of to-day may be laughter to-morrow;
There is gladness as well as black trouble to borrow.

Mrs. Tanner, of Bellefonte, visited her father, George Johnson on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Confer attended the funeral of Mrs. Kline Confer Wednesday, at Beech Creek.

John Woodward returned home Thursday, after an extended trip to Harrisburg and Philadelphia.

Foster Schenck visited his sisters, Mrs. T. A. Pletcher and Mrs. Clarence Johnston, on Wednesday.

Mrs. Blain Hayes made a business trip to Lock Haven Friday.

Mrs. Clara Thomas was in Bellefonte Friday, attending to business.

Miss Sykes, of Lock Haven, visited her brothers, Frank and Dave, on Thursday.

Mrs. Herbert Petters and children, of Tyrone, visited friends in town over Sunday.

Alfred Thompson, of Snow Shoe, visited in town this week.

George Leathers spent Sunday in town with his family.

Mrs. Nellie Watt, of Williamsport, is spending part of the week with her mother, Mrs. Mary DeHass.

Mrs. L. M. Tobias and daughter Mildred, were Lock Haven shoppers Saturday.

Mrs. Milfred Pletcher and daughter Hazel, went to Lock Haven Saturday.

Roy Bechdel, wife and four children, of Bellefonte, visited his mother, Mrs. Jane Bechdel, over Sunday.

Miss Grace Schenck, of Milesburg, spent Sunday at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Balsey and daughter Helen, Mr. and Mrs. William Perry, of Altoona, spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Rebecca Lucas.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Ertle, from Baker, Oregon, are spending a week with Mr. Ertle's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Ertle.

Mrs. William Conley visited Mrs. Rebecca Lucas Monday.

Misses Clara Smith, Pearl Pletcher, and Miriam Lucas, accompanied by some of their friends, are home from Lock Haven Normal, on account of several cases of diphtheria in the school.

The Beech Nut Kid is in Howard for several days; the girls all like to see his smiling face.

Ira Lucas, who has been working in Cresson for some time, was in town Saturday.

John Weber was a business visitor in Bellefonte Tuesday.

How She Won Sheridan.

Harriet Mellon, the old time English actress, did not lack astuteness, even at seventeen. Her admirable answer to Sheridan when he asked her to read the part of Lydia Languish in "The Rivals," with a view to proving her fitness for Drury Lane, could not have been bettered by a ripe diplomat:

"I dare not, sir, for my life. I would rather read it to all England. Suppose, sir, you did me the honor of reading it to me?"

Delightedly Sheridan acceded and, after reading nearly the whole of the play, enrolled her in the Drury Lane company.

The Latin Language.

Latin was one of the original languages of Europe, and from it sprang the Italian, French, Spanish and Portuguese languages. Many words of our own language are of Latin origin. It ceased to be spoken in Italy about 581 and was first taught in England by one Adelmus in the seventh century. The use of Latin in law deeds in England gave way to the common tongue in the year 1000.

Real Bigness.

A Yankee clinched his argument with an Englishman as to the relative size of the Thames and the Mississippi rivers by saying:

"Why, look here, mister, there ain't enough water in the whole of the Thames to make a gargle for the mouth of the Mississippi."—Exchange.

Ringing Up the Curtain.

Fashions in plays change as well as the fashions in the time of ringing up the curtain. At the time of the restoration in England the curtain rose at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and Garrick in 1741 rang up his curtain at 4. By 1824 the hour had become 6 and twelve years later 7 o'clock.

Landed on Her Feet.

Wife (during the spat)—I must have been a fool when I married you.

Hub—Undoubtedly. But the old adage stood by you—"A fool for luck."—Boston Transcript.

Read "The Republican."

Register's Notice.

The following accounts have been examined passed and filed of record in the Register's Office, for the inspection of heirs and legatees, creditors, and all others in anywise interested, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court for confirmation on Wednesday, the 1st day of March, 1916.

1 BIBLE—The first and final account of Geo. P. Bible, and Alfred J. Bible, Exrs., of Anna Bible, late of Centre Hall Boro., deceased.

2 CRONEMILLER—The first and final account of Harvey M. Grenoble, Admr of etc., of Emily Cronemiller, late of Ferguson Twp., deceased.

3 CRONEMILLER—The first and final account of W. Harrison Walker Trustee, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Centre Co. to invest a certain fund in the Geo. Cronemiller Est for Emily Cronemiller, widow, now deceased, of Ferguson Twp.

4 CLEWELL—The first and final account of Jacob Woodring, Exr. of etc. of Dorcas M. Clewell, late of Taylor Twp., deceased.

5 DEITRICK—The first and final account of Emma L. Deitrick and E. M. Deitrick, Exrs. of etc., of D. A. Deitrick, late of Walker Twp., deceased.

6 DEININGER—The first and final account of L. E. Stover, Admr., of etc., of Julia W. Deininger, late of Millheim Boro., deceased

7 DEHASS—The first and final account of Jacob C. Bechdel, Trustee to sell the real estate of Susan J. DeHass, late of Liberty Twp., deceased.

8 FINK—The first and final account of Edith E. Runkle, Admrx., of etc., of Andrew D. Fink, late of Bellefonte Boro., deceased.

9 GRANT—The second and partial account of Louis B. Gernon, Exr., of etc., of H. K Grant, late of Philipsburg Boro., deceased.

10 HILDEBRAND—The first and final account of Rebecca Henrietta Hildebrand, Exrx., of etc., of Dorathea Rebecca Hildebrand, late of Osceola Mills, Pa., deceased.

11 HAMILTON—The first and final account of John Hamilton, Exr., of etc., of Elizabeth M. T. Hamilton, late of State College Boro., deceased.

12 KLINE—The first and final account of Andrew S. Mudder, Exr., of etc., of Sarah B. Kline, late of Haines Twp., deceased.

13 KLINE—The second and final account of Andrew S. Mudder, Exr., of etc., of Henrietta Kline, late of Haines Twp., deceased.

14 KESIGLE—The first and final account of William Weber, Trustee (In Partition) of Hannah A. Kesigle, late of Howard Boro., deceased.

15 KELLY—The third account of Robert B. Orwig, Guardian of Naomi Kelly et al., minor children of Robert J. Kelly, deceased.

16 LAPORTE—The first and final account of G. H. Lichenthaler, Guardian of Benjamin Jones LaPorte. (A weak minded person.)

17 MULL—The first and final account of Reuben H. Mull, Exr., of etc., of Susan Jane Mull, late of Philipsburg Boro., deceased.

18 SIMLER—The first and final account of George B. Simler, Jr., Admr., D. B. N. C. T. A. of George B. Simler, Sr. late of Philipsburg Boro., deceased.

19 STATSIC—The first and final account of Steve Statsic, Admr., of etc., of Mary Statsic, deceased.

20 TREASTER—The first and final account of J. F. Treaster, Admr., of etc., of R. B. Treaster, late of Potter Twp., deceased.

21 WALTER—The first and final account of Harry Keller, Trustee (In Partition) of David C. Walter, late of Boggs Twp., deceased.

22 WILLIAMS—The first and final account of A. C. Williams and Ida R. Williams, Exrs., of etc., of Wilson Williams, late of Worth Twp., deceased.

23 WILLIAMS—The first and final account of W. Harrison Walker, Admr., of etc., of Laura E. Williams, late of Bellefonte Boro., deceased.

24 BARTGES—The first and final account of A. E. Bartges, Admr., of etc., of Nancy Bartges, late of Penn Twp., deceased.

25 LONG—The first and final account of J. M. Keichline, Exr., of etc., of Annie B. Long late of Bellefonte Boro., deceased.

26 STROHM—The first and final account of Mary Ellen Lose, Exrx., of etc., of Eva H Strohm, late of Potter Twp., deceased.

27 HESS—The second and final account of Luther Hess Waring, Exr., of etc., of Drucilla C. Hess, late of Harris Twp., deceased.

Register's Office, Bellefonte, Pa. Jan., 27, 1916.

FRANK SASSERMAN,
Register.

Legal Notice.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that the following inventories of the goods and chattels, set apart to widows under the provision of the Act of April 14, 1851, have been confirmed by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court of Centre County, and if no exceptions be filed on or about the 1st day of next term, the same will be confirmed absolutely.

1 The inventory and appraisement of personal property of Henry M. Lingle, late of Gregg Twp., deceased, as the same was set apart to his widow, Lydia Lingle.

2 The inventory and appraisement of the personal property of J. Henry Wetzel, late of Bellefonte Boro, deceased, as the same was set apart to his widow, Susan S. Wetzel.

3 The inventory and appraisement of the personal property of John W. Fry late of Ferguson Twp. deceased, as the same was set apart to his widow, Anna F. Fry.

FRANK SASSERMAN,
Register and C. O. C.

Notice of Ownership.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has purchased all the household goods, farm stock and implements of whatsoever kind and description from O. C. Homan, of Gregg Township, Centre County, Penna., and has left the same in the possession of the said O. C. Homan. All persons are hereby notified not to meddle or interfere with the same.

W. H. GROVE, Coburn, Pa.

Notice.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Bellefonte Lumber Company will be held at the office of the company, Bellefonte, Pa., on Monday, February 21st, 1916, at ten o'clock a. m. for the election of directors for the ensuing year and to transact such other business as may come before such meeting.

D. BUCK,
Secretary.

Bellefonte, Pa., Feb. 3d, 1916.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters. On be market 35 years. $1.00 a bottle.

DUFF'S Molasses

In sealed sanitary cans. Finest for table use and baking. Ask your grocer for it. Send postal card for booklet of Prize Recipes to P. DUFF & SONS 930 Duquesne Way, Pittsburgh, Pa.

OSTEOPATHY

Dr. H. E. Thornley

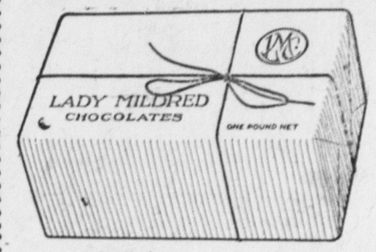
(Formerly of Phila.)

Four-year graduate. Licensed and practicing in accordance with the laws of Pennsylvania.

Bellefonte, Mon. Wed. & Fri.
State College, Tues. Thurs. & S

Lady Mildred Chocolates

SPECIAL TOMORROW
FULL POUND BOX FOR 29c



Fifty cents never bought a pound of finer chocolates than these.

Made of the purest, smoothest Chocolate with rich, tasty fillings of nut meats, fruits and cream flavored pure fruit juices, they are so delicious you will never want to stop eating them. If you don't enjoy them thoroughly, tell us and we will promptly refund your money. We have only a few boxes to sell at this price, so be prompt, as our customers will want them and there will not be enough to go round.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The Rexall Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pennsylvania and to me directed there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pa., on Monday, February 28th, 1916, at 1:30 P. M. the following described real estate, viz:

Description:—All those four certain messuages, tenements, or tracts of land, situate in the village of Rebersburg, in the township of Miles, County of Centre, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit:—

No. 1 Beginning at a point at corner of public road and alley which adjoins D. Brungart Estate; thence along said public road South 70¼ degrees West 121 feet; thence North 21¼ degrees West 180 feet; to a twenty foot alley; thence along said alley North 70¼ degrees East 121 feet to an alley; thence along said alley South 21¼ degrees East 180 feet to the place of beginning.

Containing 80 P. be the same more or less; and thereon erected a two-story Frame Dwelling House, Stable, and other outbuildings.

No. 2. Beginning at a point on a twenty foot alley at corner of land of William Walker; thence along said twenty foot alley South 70¼ degrees West 120 feet; thence North 21¼ degrees West 81 5-10 feet to land of Philip Hubler Estate; thence along said Hubler Estate lands North 70¼ degrees East 121 feet to the land of William Walker; thence by land of William Walker South 21¼ degrees, 81 5-10 feet to the place of beginning, containing 36 2-10 P. more or less.

No. 3. Beginning at a point at corner of public road and lot of Joseph Bierly; thence along said road South 70¼ degrees West 60 5-10 feet, thence North 21¼ degrees West 180 feet to a twenty foot alley; thence along said alley North 70¼ degrees East 60 5-10 feet South 21¼ degrees East 180 feet to the place of beginning, containing 40 P. more or less.

No. 4. Beginning at a point 20 feet at corner of lot of Joseph C. Bierly, thence along said twenty foot alley 70¼ degrees West 60 5-10 feet; thence North 21¼ degrees West 81 5-10 feet to land of Philip Hubler Estate; thence along said Hubler Estate lands North 70¼ degrees East 60 5-10 feet to lot of J. C. Bierly; thence by lot of said Joseph C. Bierly South 21¼ degrees East, 81 5-10 feet to the place of beginning, containing 18 1-10 P. more or less.

Seized, levied upon, taken into execution, and to be sold as the property of H. E. Bierly an Executor of the Estate of J. C. Bierly, deceased, and H. E. Bierly, with notice to E. S. Bierly, terre tenant.

TERMS OF SALE:—No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money is paid in full.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.,
February 5, 1916.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Vend. Ex., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County Pennsylvania and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pa., on Monday, February, 28th, 1916 at 1:30 P. M., all the right, title, and interest of L. H. McAuley of in and to, the following described real estate, viz:

Description:—All that certain messuage, tenement and tract of land situate in Walker Township, Centre County, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Beginning at a post, corner of land of John Divens and John Miller and thence along lands of said John Miller South 35 degrees East 54 perches to post, thence South 30 degrees East 170 3-4 perches to a hickory; thence along lands of Joseph Markle South 85 1-4 degrees West 118.8 perches to stones; thence along lands of James Carner North 28 3-4 degrees West 225.8 perches to a post; thence along the village of Hublersburg North 50 3-4 degrees East 67.8 perches to post, thence along lot of John Divens South 39 3-4 degrees East 21.6 perches to a post; thence along same North 44 degrees East 39.6 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 103 acres and 36 perches neat measure, and thereon erected a two-story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, BANK BARN and other out-buildings.

Seized, levied upon, taken into execution, and to be sold as the property of L. H. McAuley.

TERMS OF SALE:—No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money is paid in full.

GEO. H. YARNELL, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa.
February 7, 1916

Court Proclamation!

Whereas the Honorable Henry C. Quigley, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th, Judicial District, consisting of the county of Centre, having issued his precept, bearing date the 6th day of January, 1916, to me directed, for holding a Court of Common Pleas, Orphans' Court, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the

FOURTH MONDAY OF FEBRUARY,

being the 28th day of February, 1916, and to continue two weeks.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Coroner Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 28th, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 31st day of January in the year of our Lord 1916, and the one hundred and fortieth year of the Independence of the United States of America.

GEO. H. YARNELL,
Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa. Sheriff.
January 31st, 1916.

Administrator's Notice.

Letters of administration in the estate of J. Robert Cole, late of Bellefonte borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly athenticated for settlement.

N. B. SPANGLER, Attorney, Bellefonte, Pa.
MARY NEWELL COLE, Administratrix, Bellefonte, Pa.

Advertise in "The Republican."

Penny-A-Word Column

WANTED—Good reliable cook; will pay $3 50 per week. Apply to Mrs. H. N. Crider, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Store room, also two dwellings, for rent in Milesburg Borough. Inquire of Toner A. Hegg. 3-25-tf.

WANTED—White Pine White Oak Beech, Birch and Maple wood. Inquire of P. B. Crider & Son Bellefonte Pa.

FOR SALE—House and lot on Willowbank Street. Inquire Mrs. S. E. Satterfield, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Large Brick Garage, location Main Street, Snow Shoe, Pa. Inquire of W. D. O'Brien, Snow Shoe, Pa.

LOST—Gold chain bracelet with amethysts; lost supposedly somewhere on the street in Bellefonte. Reward if returned to Mrs. John Curtin, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Mansion house on North Thomas Street, occupied by L. H. Gettig. Apply to or address Mrs. Isaac Thomas, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Commission salesmen to handle a special line of domestic Chinaware to the trade. The Carrollton Pottery Co., Carrollton, Ohio.

WANTED—Earn $15 to $20 weekly addressing mailing circulars spare time; circulars, instructions, 10 cents. Mailing service. 210 Holliday building, Indianapolis, Ind.

FEMALE HELP WANTED—Good money made at home coloring art pictures; easy and pleasant work; no experience required; sample free. Wheeler & Co., Room 404—337 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

WOMEN WANTED—Full time, salary $15.00 selling Guaranteed Hosiery to wearer. 25c an hour spare time; permanent; experience unnecessary. International Hosiery Mills, Norristown, Pa.

FOR SALE—High grade Holstein Friesian cows for sale, also 4 young bulls old enough for service; 4 heifers. All sired by Tioga King Clothilde No. 52325, H. F. H. B. These young cattle are 7/8 pure.—R. D. Musser, Spring Mills, Pa Bell phone, 11—5.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. $520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

HELP WANTED—Guaranteed salary paid any woman to distribute hosiery to customers. Experience unnecessary, all or part time. For particulars and complete outfit address International Mills, Dept. N Norristown, Pa.

FARM LANDS—Small Missouri Farm $5 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 5 big markets; wonderful opportunity; write for photographs and full information. Munger, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

HELP WANTED—Good pay—men, women, introducing hosiery direct mill to wearer, guaranteed four months. Part or all time, permanent, no experience Liberal terms. Complete outfit. INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Penn St., Norristown, Pa.

MALE HELP WANTED—$50.00 weekly easy. 90% profit on every dollar. No deliveries. New, unique, fascinating business. Everything furnished free. No money required. Experience unnecessary. Write quick. Ira Seymour, Mgr., Springfield, O.

MALE HELP WANTED—"Astonishing money maker, new original fascinating plan introducing home supplies, factory to consumer. $25.00 weekly, easy. Write for terms and free goods. offer quickly." Rider Mfg. Co., Dept. 300, Coshocton, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED—$25 to $50 Weekly in a business of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business over-crowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 150 Gray Bldg., CINCINNATI, O.

The Chenoworth Baronetcy

It Was Lost and Was Revived

By F. A. MITCHEL

When James Chenoworth, having lost both father and mother, decided to sell the homestead and go abroad for awhile he sat himself down to examine a large number of papers that had been accumulating for many years. Indeed, there were documents among them that dated back more than two centuries. There was a tradition in the family that the first Chenoworth in America had been a soldier of King Charles under Prince Rupert and, when the Protector Cromwell prevailed, had come to America to make a new home for himself.

The family documents were kept in what was called a hair trunk, from being covered with the skin of some animal from which the hair had not been removed. James Chenoworth spent many hours over the contents of the trunk, reading the papers. In time he took up a paper which he unfolded. It was a fragment yellow with age. The ink was also faded and almost illegible. James put it in his pocket, intending to try to decipher it later, for words in it which he could easily read seemed to refer to his ancestors. What he ultimately made out was this:

"At the beginning of the parliamentary wars James Chenoworth, son and heir of Sir Ralph Chenoworth,
out to fight for the king. His
Arthur, two years his
the parliamentary forces.
brothers were enough
At the end of the war
having been lost,
went to America.
his home and
When the
Chenoworth
James.
worth
Cheno

Chenoworth resolved that during his travels he would visit England and hunt up his ancestral record. Placing the fragment in his portemonnaie, he made his preparations and in due time went abroad. At a hotel in Switzerland, where he found a mixture of English and Americans, he fell in with an English family named Smithson.

The main attraction in this family was Miss Gladys Smithson, a girl about twenty years old. Both she and Chenoworth were fond of winter sports, and they were where they could enjoy them to perfection. Miss Smithson was the only child of her parents, and Chenoworth learned that through her mother she was an heiress. Since he possessed an income of barely $2,000 a year, he repressed any desire he felt to make love to the young lady.

This was fortunate, for Miss Smithson's mother, who had an interest in her daughter's adding to rather than dividing her prospective fortune, not suspecting that there was any especial interest between the two young persons, made no objection to their being together, and when they separated she invited Chenoworth when he came to England to call upon them at their home in that country.

Perhaps neither Chenoworth nor Miss Smithson realized the delicate bond that had been slowly forming between them till the moment of separation came. Gladys gave him her hand at parting, and he held it just a trifle longer than at an adieu between mere friends. Miss Smithson looked at the floor. Chenoworth looked into her face, then released her hand and turned away.

He met many young women on his travels, but none of them caused him to banish from a spot very near to his heart the image of Miss Smithson. He had planned a trip to Russia, but, bearing in his memory the image of his companion in Switzerland, he shrank from a visit to that cold country and resolved to forego the trip and give himself more time in England.

When Chenoworth arrived in London he sent his card to the Smithsons at their ancestral home in the county of Kent, with the result that he received an invitation to visit them for a week end. As he was driven into the place between two imposing gateway pillars and up to the manor house, through an avenue arched with trees that had been hundreds of years growing, his heart sank within him, for he realized that an American with a beggarly two thousand a year could never aspire to the hand of the girl who would inherit such a splendid home.

Whether Mrs. Smithson had discovered in her daughter a disposition to pine for Chenoworth and scented danger, certain it is that the mother received him without the cordiality he expected. Her daughter, on the contrary, welcomed him with a mingling of pleasure and embarrassment. During his brief visit there were moments of exquisite pleasure for both him and Gladys, succeeded by moments of depression. There was a union of hearts, but they were constantly reminded that any other union was impossible.

When Chenoworth was making this visit, one afternoon while Gladys was engaged, he was entertained by her mother. He mentioned the fact that his ancestors had come from England and his discovery of the fragment among his family papers. The lady was doing some kind of knitting while he was talking to her, on which she kept her eyes, but Chenoworth noticed that as he passed from one point to another she was becoming deeply interested. Finally she asked abruptly to see the fragment to which he had referred. Taking it from his portemonnaie, he handed it to her.

For some time her eyes were bent upon it, while the American's were bent upon her. Evidently there was something in this bit of yellow paper, torn in half, that moved her profoundly. She handed it back to him without remark, but he noticed a slight tremor of her hand as she did so. Presently, evidently nerving herself to something, she asked:

"Mr. Chenoworth, do you intend to look up your ancestry while in England?"

She awaited his reply with suppressed emotion.

"That is my intention," he replied. "But I don't know where to begin."

There was no reply to this. Later Miss Smithson reappeared, and the two young persons went out into the grounds together.

Chenoworth was to return to London the next morning. What was his surprise before going to bed to be asked by Mrs. Smithson to remain longer. He replied that nothing stood in the way of his doing so, and his departure was deferred. Mrs. Smithson's treatment of him seemed to be undergoing a change, though she did not seem to have made up her mind with regard to his attentions to her daughter. On the second day after her interview with him during which he had showed her the fragment she asked him to let her see it again. He did so, and she asked him if he would object to giving her a copy of it. He at once complied with her request.

The next day Mrs. Smithson announced that she must go to London to do some shopping. She charged her daughter to take good care of the guest during her absence, which was entirely unnecessary, for it was evident that Miss Gladys was as much enamored of Chenoworth as he was with her. The lovers were in a seventh heaven during the mother's absence, which lasted several days.

Chenoworth was puzzled. Why did Mrs. Smithson leave him with her daughter during this interval? Why had she changed in her treatment of him? There was no explanation. On her return the mystery deepened. She would not hear of Chenoworth's departure, saying that she was planning some social functions at which she desired his presence.

Chenoworth was beside himself. His attentions to Gladys were very noticeable, and her mother was encouraging them. She had no information concerning his standing in America nor as to his income, which, it was evident from his careful expenditures, was not large. Why, then, was she giving him every opportunity to win her daughter when that daughter might make a very advantageous match?

Chenoworth was anxious to hunt up the records of his ancestry, and he realized that to do this he must go to London. Gladys had told him that he had better go to an office of heraldry. But whenever he proposed to depart Mrs. Smithson objected, and he deferred his going.

And so it was that Chenoworth kept putting off his departure until one evening, while out on the terrace with Gladys, under the moonlight, he told her that he loved her, but he knew that owing to his limited means a marriage with her was impossible.

Then they conferred together upon what Mrs. Smithson meant by encouraging this match, but as neither of them knew they simply wondered. It was finally agreed between them that Chenoworth should learn what was in store for them by asking for Gladys's hand.

He approached Mr. Smithson with doubt and fear. He was given to understand that if he was acceptable to the daughter he would be acceptable to the parents. This thrilled him, and he went to Gladys with the good news at once. At a subsequent interview he gave Mr. Smithson a statement of his financial affairs, to which the gentleman listened with respectful attention, but made no comment. If Chenoworth's mind had not been taken up with love, curiosity would have come in to claim its share of attention.

Chenoworth did not leave the manor house till he departed on his wedding journey. When he returned he was saluted by his mother-in-law and everyone else as Sir James. When the first excitement attending the couple's return had worn off Chenoworth was informed of what had been going on during his courtship.

Mrs. Smithson had inherited her estate through the female branch of Chenoworths. She was aware that the heir to the title had two centuries before disappeared in America. On receipt of a copy of Chenoworth's fragment she had taken it to a herald office in London, and they had given her the following reading of it when complete:

"At the beginning of the parliamentary wars James Chenoworth, son and heir of Sir Ralph Chenoworth, went out to fight for the king. His brother Arthur, two years his junior, joined the parliamentary forces. The two brothers were enough alike to be twins. At the end of the war, the king's cause having been lost, James Chenoworth went to America. Arthur returned to his home and succeeded to the title. When the restoration came James Chenoworth had died, leaving a son John. The sons of James Chenoworth are the rightful heirs to the Chenoworth title and estates."

Mrs. Smithson's action was explained. By taking James Chenoworth for a son-in-law she revived the baronetcy and secured for her daughter the estates which were legally his.

A CHANGE OF LUCK

Story of a Man Who Yearned to Own an Automobile.

HIS CHANCE CAME AT LAST.

It Was Wholly Unexpected and Under Peculiar Circumstances, but the Car, a Beauty, Was His Very Own—Then Came the Saddening Climax.

The fierce joy a poor man feels when he has at last gained possession of an auto he has craved is sometimes a delusion and a snare. I know, for I have experienced said joy.

Anything is likely to happen to a United States marine on his travels around and about this old earth of ours, and it so fell out at the Frisco fire that I became sole owner of a $6,000 touring car for exactly thirty-seven minutes. Rudolph Spreckels, the millionaire sugar refiner, gave it to me, and I don't remember whether I thanked him for it or not. I hope not.

I was on duty at the United States marine barracks on Mare island at the time of the earthquake and fire at San Francisco, and when we got word of the affair we marines made a record breaking dash in a torpedo boat destroyer to the scene of the disaster.

Near the corner of Van Ness avenue and Bush street, at the foot of Lafayette square, stood the million dollar home of Rudolph Spreckels. Some of the marines entered in the course of duty, while I went to the rear and into the garage. There in the garage, flat on his back under the prettiest car you ever laid eyes on, was Rudolph Spreckels, vainly endeavoring to unlock the rear wheel gearing of the machine. Something had locked the rear wheels and had put the car out of commission.

I tried as best I could to assist Mr. Spreckels, but I wasn't of much use considering I'm no mechanician. Then he and I together tried to shove the car through the door of the garage, but halfway through it stuck, and Mr. Spreckels became somewhat discouraged. The fire was nearing his home rapidly, and, as there was no time to lose, he clasped my hand fervently and said, "The car is yours, my boy, if you can save it." Then he made off for the heights of Lafayette square and safety.

For a moment I stood transfixed with the wonder of it all, for I could scarcely realize that the beautiful car was all my own, to do with as I pleased. And then I came out of my dream and gazed at the crippled car stuck fast in the doorway.

Down the street maddened people were hurrying to Lafayette square, dragging their belongings with them, but their shrill cries of terror and apprehension found scarce an answering echo in my heart. I had troubles of my own just then. Six thousand dollars of my money was tied up in that door, and to save it I realized that I must act quickly. It would take at least twenty men to shove that car to the heights of Lafayette square and safety, and I knew that I could look for no assistance from the half crazed people who were scurrying to that vantage point. My marine companions had gone farther down the street on their errands, of merciful duty, and I could not look to them for help. But I could not save the car by gazing around helplessly, and I mapped out a plan of action.

I was wearing a big 38 at my side, and I must have been a wonderful figure to the onlookers as, with brandished pistol, I joined the mob on the street, shouting wildly as I ran, "A horse, a horse—me kingdom for a horse!"

My purpose was to impress into my service any automobile or horse I might find and so drag my beauty "six" to Lafayette square. But there was nothing doing. I rushed wildly up and down the street, but the maddened throng paid not the slightest heed to me. Nor could a single horse or auto be seen anywhere. The fire had almost reached Bush and Van Ness streets, and I knew that I had but one chance. Perhaps in Lafayette square was some person who had brought his valuables there by aid of horse or auto power and I might be able to borrow the means of propulsion for a few minutes. Borrow? Heavens! With that six shooter in my starboard mitt, borrow was a mighty poor word. The automobile and fire mania was on me, and I was not responsible.

So, Mercury heeled, I ascended to Lafayette square. Arrived there, I looked down upon the tragic scene below. The fire had reached Van Ness avenue, and as I looked the tiled roofing of the Spreckels home fell in, giving vent to forked flames that shot in and out like serpents' tongues. A few minutes later the tiling on the Spreckels garage gave way, and my beauty "six" lay crushed and buried in the mass of wreckage.

I could look no longer. Heartsick and weary, I wended my way through the crowd gathered in Lafayette square. Then I started down the hill in quest of my comrades.

No, indeed, you never realize what life really means until you have watched the only automobile you ever owned burn up exactly thirty-seven minutes after you began to own it.—Sergeant Raymond Britt, United States Marine Corps.

When war is raging the laws are dumb.—Cicero.

JIM GAY

A Story of a Reformed Card Sharp

By ELEANOR MARSH

A man rode up to a settler's cabin in the far west, threw himself from his horse and asked for something to eat. The settler was not at home, but his wife received the stranger, and her daughter, a child of twelve, looked up at the man with a pair of big black eyes wonderingly.

The mother was evidently troubled at his coming, but children are not aware of the differences in persons, and the daughter, who seldom saw any one except her parents, did not seem ill disposed toward him. On the contrary, his arrival was something out of the common in her life. The man was young, not over twenty-one, and not bad looking, but there was something in his appearance to make the elder woman shudder. She set out some bread and meat for him. It was not very tempting, and he asked if it was the best she could do.

"Mother," said the girl, "you have forgotten that you made pies yesterday."

The mother cast a quick reproving glance at her daughter and, going to a cupboard, took out a pie and placed it on the table before the stranger.

"Wouldn't you like a cup of coffee?" asked the child.

"Reckon I would," replied the man.

The woman frowned, but her back was turned toward the man, and he did not see her face. Besides, his attention was fixed on the child, who was instrumental in bringing forth what there was in the larder. He was fighting his way through the world. His hand was against every man, and every man's hand was against him. He was touched by the only kindness he had received in a long while.

The woman made the stranger a cup of coffee, and, having eaten and drunk, he said:

"I've had a square meal, thanks to you, sissy. Now I'm going to have a sleep. In case you hear or see any one coming, little girl, wake me at once."

"If you're sleepy," said the child, "why do you want to be wakened?"

"See here, younker; if some men come along they're probably hunting for me, and the sooner you awaken me the better it will be for me."

"Why are they hunting you?"

"To hang me."

The girl paled, but asked no further questions. The man stretched himself on a bunk fixed to the wall in the living, dining and bedroom in one, while the woman went to the other room, the kitchen, and washed the dishes. The stranger must have been long without sleep, for no sooner had he stretched himself on the bunk than he fell into a deep slumber.

There is something so inoffensive, so powerless, about a sleeper as always to attract sympathy. In this case sleep seemed to relax the man's features so that the animosity against mankind so marked upon it when he was awake disappeared. Twenty-one is the very beginning of manhood, and the youngster, his face being in repose, was singularly handsome. Perhaps the girl was old enough to feel drawn to one of the opposite sex. At any rate, she looked upon him sympathetically out of her great black eyes and presently got a blanket and threw it over him. Then, remembering what he had said to her, she went outside and scanned the country roundabout. Far in the distance she saw several men on horseback galloping toward the cabin.

The sleeper was conscious of hearing voices.

"Mother, some men are coming. I'm going to wake him up."

"Do no such thing. He's a desperado, quite likely a horse thief. Let him alone, and they'll get him."

"I won't; they'll hang him."

Then the man felt himself shaken. He started up.

"They're coming," said the girl.

The man sprang to the door, shaded his eyes with his hand against the sun, caught the child in his arms, kissed her, vaulted on to his horse and dashed away.

Not long after his departure a posse rode up to the house.

"Anybody been here?" asked one of them.

"Who are you looking for?" asked the woman.

"Jim Gay, the card sharp. He took $500 last night from a greenhorn in Silver City."

"Well," replied the woman, "a young fellow has just been here and lit out. Reckon if you go that a-way (pointing) you'll be on his track."

The men rode on, leaving the mother and daughter together, the latter receiving a scolding for protecting the stranger. The father came in later, and when told that Jim Gay, the card sharp, had been there and had been saved from capture by his daughter he gave her another scolding.

"Who is the fellow anyway?" asked his wife.

"I never saw him, but they say he's the slickest man at cards in the territory. He doesn't take much interest in doing a sucker. He rather runs to men who pride themselves on being up to all the dodges in the profession. But he's skinned so many of them that they won't tackle him any more."

"Papa," said the girl, "is it wicked to play cards? You play cards sometimes, don't you?"

No response was made to the question. The father's besetting sin was the gambling table.

* * * * * * *

During five years following this episode the country round about the settler's cabin was filling up, but with that rough element which seeks new countries. Silver was what attracted the crowd, and many were growing rich from the mines. Scarborough, the settler, was in a position to avail himself of opportunities; but, being subject to a passion for gambling, whenever he got a good thing he gambled it away. In vain his wife pleaded with him to keep away from the gaming tables. It is singular how credulous are those who are afflicted with this passion. And yet is not the passion so strong that they are swept away by it, knowing that the chances are all against them?

Meanwhile the little girl who had saved the card sharp was growing to be a woman. She was a serious character, for she lived in a country where she saw a great deal to indicate to her that the world is not a bed of roses. Then, too, she experienced trouble at home. Her father was a bright man, but they say "death loves a shining mark," and it is hard to find a person with a superior intellect who is not handicapped by some glaring defect. Just as soon as Scarborough made a deal by which he pocketed a handsome profit he would go to a gambling den and lose it, and that, too, to men who were his inferiors.

One evening Scarborough, who had just sold a piece of property for $3,000, was being relieved of it by a gang of sharpers. While he was playing a young man of clerical cut and wearing a white cravat entered the den and, taking position in the center of the room, began to speak against the gambling passion. The proprietor looked at him as though uncertain whether to stop him or let him proceed. Seeing that no one in the room paid any attention to the speaker, he chose the latter course.

While the young clergyman was inveighing against the sin of gambling a girl of seventeen entered and, moving straight to Scarborough, put her arms about his neck and begged him to come away.

"Mother says that you will lose all the money received for the sale of the property," she pleaded.

"I've lost it already, but I'll get it back again, and more too."

"Oh, father!"

"Just you go home and tell your mother not to worry. I'll come out all right."

When the girl entered the gambling house the clergyman ceased his remarks on the sin of gambling and fixed his eyes upon her intently. He heard what she said to her father, and when he refused to go away with her the clergyman went over to the table where her father was playing and looked over the game.

"Gents," he said presently, "would you mind a man of the church taking a hand in this game?"

There was a burst of laughter and much chaffing of the clergyman at having preached against gambling and then going back on all he had said. But the men at the table, except Scarborough, were all card sharps and thought what a fine thing it would be to fleece a parson. He was admitted to the game with a welcome and, taking $100 from his wallet, invested the amount in chips.

Never at that board had such hands been held as by the parson. If the best hand against him was a full of nines he held a full of tens. When he dealt the cards it seemed that he was enabled to give the others such hands as would draw them out, and he always topped them. The chips all came his way, and before long he had a pile before him that filled the others with envy. Then he said:

"Gents, no more playin' for chips. Cash these and let the game go on for hard money."

Since he was winner, there could be no objection to this, and the game proceeded on a money basis. When the parson had won more than $2,500 he suggested a jack pot. The betting was opened with a pair of queens. The parson bet so high that he drove all the rest out except one man. When he was called and showed his hand he was found to hold four kings and an ace. He won $500 on that hand alone. Turning to Scarborough, he said:

"How much money did you bring in here?"

"Thirty-two hundred dollars."

The parson counted out the amount, pushed it toward him, deducted the hundred dollars he had begun the game with and left the balance on the table.

"You're a fine parson, you are," said the man who had lost the jackpot. "Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm Jim Gay, who used to be known in these parts for the slickest card shifter of all professionals.

"One day, when a posse was after me, I got into the cabin where this man and this girl were livin'. The girl was a child then, but against her mother's wishes she warned me of the coming of the committee and enabled me to show a clean pair of heels. Somehow I couldn't get her kindness out of my head, and it worked on me till it reformed me. I concluded to get an education to preach, so that I could spend the rest of my life exposing men who fleece and are fleeced. Do you remember me, little girl?"

"Yes, I do."

The three of them took the regained funds to Scarborough's cabin. It was invested in a silver mine and made the family comfortable. The father never gambled again, and Mabel Scarborough, as Gay's wife, is now assisting him in his crusade against gambling.

AN OCEAN TRAGEDY

The Wreck of the White Ship Nearly Eight Centuries Ago.

FATE OF AN HEIR TO A CROWN

From a Scene of Wild Revelry on Board the Doomed Vessel Prince William of England Went to Death Trying to Save His Sister.

Nearly eight centuries ago there occurred an English shipwreck that may be ranked in importance historically with any tragedy of the sea that the world has ever known. Although in comparison with some shipwrecks the loss of life was small—scarcely a handful—when the White Ship foundered in November, 1120, she carried the heir to the throne of England to his grave in the depths. There was no wireless then to hear her call for help, although her companions of the king's fleet were so near that tradition says the nearest caught a faint, shrill wind borne cry, a shriek a little different than that of the shrieking gulls—the dying cry of the White Ship's company. No one guessed what it meant, nor did any ship turn from her course.

Prince William, son of Henry I., a Norman king, and of his queen, Edith, or Matilda, an English princess, held a position of especial importance and influence, for he represented the union in the royal line of the two races. The old title of the Saxon kings had been revived for him. He was called William the Atheling. Although only a boy of eighteen, he had been recently married to the French princess Matilda, to whom he had been betrothed since he was ten and she a baby. In France, too, he had shared with his father the honors of battle against the rebellious Norman nobles and had shown himself a courageous and chivalrous opponent. After victory was attained King Henry, William the Atheling and the leaders of the campaign set sail from Harfleur for England.

The White Ship had been built as a gift for the king, but he did not wish to disappoint the captain of another vessel, to whom he had promised the honor of his presence, and therefore he asked that it be offered to Prince William instead. All the other ships had got away before the White Ship with the prince, his half brother, Richard; his half sister, the Countess of Perche, and a brilliant company weighed anchor. She was under the command of Thomas Fitzstephen, an experienced sea captain, who himself took the helm.

The night was bright and clear; there was a moon. The prince, as gay, wild and lawless as he was brave, called for wine and music. Nobles and ladies danced on the scarcely heaving deck. They drank often; the captain and sailors oftener. They were only a little way on their journey when the ship ran full upon a rocky reef, well known and charted, that rent her like a knife.

The shock sobered Fitzstephen. He seized Prince William, rushed him to a boat, sprang in himself, with a few sailors, and pushed off. They were several boat lengths distant and safe when the prince's sister shrieked to him from the slanting deck to save her. He ordered the boat back, despite the protests of Fitzstephen, who foresaw what would happen. As they neared the heeling wreck and the prince held out his arms his sister leaped—but not she alone. Under the scrambling, leaping, frantic crowd that dropped into the small boat it swamped, and all were drowned.

Only one man of all those on the White Ship survived, and he was a poor butcher of Rouen, a strong swimmer, who floated on a spar until a fisherman rescued him. He brought the news to England and to the court. Then for a whole day the courtiers, although many of them were themselves mourners for the lost, kept it from the king. No one dared to tell him. At last they found an envoy whom he could neither hate nor punish as a messenger of evil tidings. That was a young page, son of the Count of Blois and King Henry's own grandnephew. The lad, dressed in deep mourning, knelt silently at the king's feet, weeping, until the king, seeing his pale face and his tears, half guessed the news. Then the boy faltered out the story. King Henry fell senseless when it was ended.

So great was the blow to his affection and ambition that tradition declares that he never smiled again, a tradition embodied in some once well known verses by Felicia Hemans. A greater poet, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, in his fine and true ballad, "The White Ship," has told the whole story, putting the narrative into the mouth of the sole survivor:

By none but me can the tale be told,
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.
(Lands are swayed by a king on a throne.)
'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.
(The sea hath no king but God alone.)

—Youth's Companion.

Thrift.

"I've got to take exercise and quit eating so much," said the young man who calculates closely.

"Worried about your health?"

"No. I'm getting so stout my roommate's evening clothes won't fit me."—Washington Star.

Judge by yourself and not by the opinion of others. Misfortunes and disorders arise from false judgments.—Marchioness de Lambert.

Charlotte Corday

How an Attempted Picture Play Was Spoiled

By F. A. MITCHEL

Movieville is situated in a region where the sun shines oftener than anywhere else in America and where the surrounding scenery is more varied and beautiful. This city, devoted to the work of producing picture plays, looks out upon mountains on the one hand and undulating tracts on the other. The latter is partly wooded, partly cultivated, and a river runs through it, connecting several lakes.

Movieville itself is a very singular city, containing a singular population. There is every variety of dwelling in it from an Indian tepee to a Chinese palace, every variety of fortification from a Roman oppidum (walled inclosure) to a modern bastion. If there is anything required that Movieville does not contain it is improvised. A scenario, one scene of which was laid in the United States senate chamber, having been chosen for production the senate chamber was constructed not of stone, but of stucco, canvas and other such like materials.

One of the famous speaking plays of its day was "Charlotte Corday." The scene was laid in Paris at the time of the French revolution and involved the assassination of the leader of the reign of terror, Marat. The woman who played the part of Charlotte was considered a wonder. During her performances she seemed to be the person whose part she was enacting. The play had a very long run, and every month during the time it was on the boards the leading lady, whose stage name was Marguerite Stanley, put more intensity into her part until her audiences were often thrown into a cold shiver.

"Charlotte Corday" was especially adapted for a picture play, and Movieville was considered as the best, really the only, place to make the photographs.

John Esterbrooke, who took the part of Marat, though a finished actor, did not produce the impression effected by Miss Stanley. While she became more and more tragic, he seemed to lose force. The real reason of his apparent deterioration was that so real was her impersonation of her character that he became afraid of her.

There was another matter that influenced Mr. Esterbrooke. He thought he saw signs that the girl was in love with him. While on the stage she played Charlotte to his Marat. At other times she purred to him like a kitten. He was fearful of this emotional combination. He was not in love with her and could not divest himself of the feeling that if he did not respond to her preference a time might come when, while she was under the powerful emotion induced by her part, she would make of it a real tragedy.

Such were the conditions when it was decided to produce a moving picture play of "Charlotte Corday." Miss Stanley was on the same train with Esterbrooke. Another member of the company, Estelle Springer, who was supposed to be in love with him, was also of the party. Esterbrooke took a seat beside Miss Springer and remained there all the way to Movieville. During the ride Miss Stanley remained in her seat reading a novel, a traveling cap pulled down over her eyes. When the journey was completed she left the car with the others smilingly, and if jealousy had been excited in her none of the party noticed it.

"Charlotte Corday" was to be a five reel play. Often many pictures were taken of a single scene before the desired effect was produced on the films. This was wearing on the performers, especially on Miss Stanley, whose emotional part required so much intensity, and every time a picture was made that intensity must be excited. This naturally called for periods of rest. They were usually passed in automobile rides over the beautiful country.

By this time a rivalry appeared to have sprung up between the two aspirants for Mr. Esterbrooke's favor. It was observed in Miss Springer, but not in Miss Stanley—that is, the latter's feeling for him was only supposed to exist by him, and he spoke of it to no one. On one or two occasions she asked him to ride with her, that she might talk over such changes in their behavior before the camera from what they had been used to on the stage as might be advisable. On their return from these rides Esterbrooke looked serious, but kept his own counsel as to the cause. Actors are apt to have hearts thrown at them promiscuously from young women in their audiences, and Esterbrooke was no exception. He had found it advisable to pay no attention to such advances and never mentioned them to others.

Historical plays do not adhere very closely to history. If they did it would be impossible to treat the theme dramatically. In the dramatization of the story of Charlotte Corday, Marat meets Charlotte at a cafe on the Champs Elysees and admires her. He has no speech with her, she sitting at another table alone, while he is dining with a party which includes Miss Springer, who took the part of a Mme. Du Four. Marat's efforts to cast his admiring glances at the girl who is later on to assassinate him, without attracting the notice of those at his table, is one of the main features of this scene.

The fact that the Champs Elysees is in Paris instead of Movieville made no difference to the management. The tables of the cafe under the trees, the broad avenue leading up to the present site of the Arc de Triomphe, were all before the camera, and so well reproduced were they that one familiar with Paris would scarcely believe that the photograph had not been taken from the original. Beyond was the Place de la Revolution, today the Place de la Concorde, and instead of the fountain now standing in its center was the guillotine.

The life of the picture and at the same time a contrast with the instrument of death were the gay companies dining within and without the cafe. The men wore the cocked hat, the ruffled shirt bosom, the long double breasted waistcoat, the high coat collar and the tight trousers in vogue at the end of the eighteenth century. The women wore the short waist dresses and poke bonnets. The revolution had either guillotined or drawn into exile most of the refined women of France and brought into prominence those whom we would now call "fast" if not abandoned. Such were the persons eating and drinking at the tables on the Champs Elysees in sight of the machine that was every day ridding France of its aristocrats.

Within this effective scene was a more minute one—the group about Marat, with Charlotte Corday at a neighboring table. Both the face of Marat and that of Charlotte were a study, the former unconscious that the girl he admired was to kill him, the efforts of Mme. Du Four to hold his attention, which kept wandering away to Charlotte; the latter aware of her advantage in his admiration, trusting to it to give her access to his presence when ready to strike the fatal blow.

The author of "Charlotte Corday," the picture play, introduced one scene that rendered all this thrilling. Amid the gayety about the tables, reckless men and brazen women talking, lounging, drinking, Marat and Charlotte the central figures, there is a commotion about the guillotine. A beautiful woman is strapped to it, the ax falls, and by one of those quick transitions common in moving pictures her head appears to roll into the basket.

Such is an imperfect word description of one of the most notable scenes ever attempted to be placed on the screen. The company chosen to enact it before the camera were gathered and taking their positions. Marat was being posed; Charlotte was seating herself; men and women were arranging themselves in groups. Then, when all was ready, the signal was given and the company, consisting of hundreds of persons, was under fire of the camera.

The pantomime had continued for some time when the photographic director called a halt. Going to Marat, he led him apart from the others and whispered something in his ear. While he was doing so Marat cast a frightened glance at Charlotte. The manager went back to his position of observation, and the photographing recommenced. The chat, the laugh, the conviviality went on, each actor or actress intent on his or her part, for in a picture play everything counts; there is no deadwood.

When the scene of the execution came the only attention paid to it, except on the part of Charlotte, was that a number of persons raised their glasses, and the pantomime indicated that they were drinking to one more aristocrat put out of the way. As for Charlotte, a close observer would have seen a deep purpose in her eye. As the head of the guillotine's victim fell into the basket she rose, ran like a flash to the table occupied by Marat, at the same time drawing a dagger from underneath the kerchief crossing her breast and plunged it into his heart.

An indescribable confusion followed. The buzzing of the machinery moving the film ceased. Every one ran to Marat, the men standing, the women screaming, for all knew that this was not the assassination scene, and it was believed that he had been really struck down. He never spoke again.

As to Charlotte, she withdrew a little from the group about the man she had killed and stood trembling. Then for the first time it was noticed that there was a wild look in her eye. She was led away, and none of the company ever saw her again.

The picture play of Charlotte Corday was never put on the screen for the public. The films were run through before the management, and the murder scene was pronounced a wonder. But there was so much objection to it on the part of Miss Stanley's relatives and others that the films were destroyed.

Nevertheless it has been whispered that the films comprising this scene of an actual tragedy were not given over to destruction. It is claimed that private exhibitions of this unintended part of the play have been given for managers and their friends. Whether or not this is true, there can be no doubt that so realistic a scene, embodying a tragedy, has never been put on the films.

One question—a psychological one—has never been settled. Was Marguerite Stanley's act the result of an insanity caused by so long playing so emotional a part, or was it caused by jealousy, or was it a combination of both? Esterbrooke was the only person that suspected she was in love with him, and had she been would not she have shown it to others? But its appearing only to him does not prove that it did not exist. It seems most likely that the act was the result of insanity, caused by the prolonged repetition of a single act of a highly emotional nature, but momentarily intensified by jealousy.

A LITERARY RIDDLE.

Why Does a Woman Write Differently From a Man?

Why is it that you can always tell a story written by a man from one written by a woman? I saw the thing put to a rather severe test within the last month, with results that were startling.

Ten men and women, all of whom do considerable novel reading, had had dinner together. One of the men asked the question I put at the top of these paragraphs. He was in his own home and went to some trouble to prove that the sex of authors is an easy thing to determine.

Giving to each of the nine others a pencil and piece of paper, the host proceeded to read extracts from twenty different books and magazines, selecting parts in which proper names would not identify the story. As he read each person wrote down his guess as to whether the author was a man or woman.

Of the 180 answers made by the nine persons to the twenty tests all but eight were correct. As he kept the books from which he read concealed it was impossible to get aid with the eye.

But, although everybody guessed right almost every time, no one could still give a good definition of the conundrum. Why does a woman write differently from a man?—Philadelphia Ledger.

INFLAMMABLE BOMBS.

Substances Used In the Making of These Deadly Explosives.

The incendiary bomb used by the Zeppelin aircraft, as a rule, is conical, of ten inch diameter at the base, wrapped round with tarred rope and having a metal handle at the apex. The base is a flat cup, into which a pierced metal funnel is fitted, having the ignition device and handle fitted at the top.

The funnel is generally filled with thermit. The latter, upon ignition, generates intense heat and by the time of the concussion has taken the form of molten metal, having the extraordinary high temperature of 5,000 degrees F. The molten metal is spread by the concussion.

Outside the funnel is a padding of a highly inflammable or resinous material, bound on with an inflammable form of rope. The resinous material creates a pungent smoke.

There is generally some melted white phosphorus in the bottom of the cap which develops nauseous fumes. In some cases celluloid clippings are added, and occasionally a small quantity of gasoline.—Philadelphia Press.

Buildings.

Buildings are contrivances which surround trouble, despair, pleasure, entertainment, business, indolence and plumbing.

Buildings are built with brick, mortar, cement, wood, steel and mortgages. It also takes sand to build buildings, but they should not be built on sand.

Some buildings are public and some are private. Public buildings are usually very imposing, and usually the public has been imposed upon to build them. Private buildings are frequently private in name only, especially if occupied by several inquisitive women. Such buildings are made up of a large number of stories and most of them are without foundation.

Rats, mice, fires, earthquakes and rent collectors are buildings' worst enemies.—Judge.

Long Days on Uranus.

Uranus can be claimed for a British planet. It was discovered at Bath in 1781 by the elder Sir William Herschel, the musician who became private astronomer to George III. Uranus is so distant from us and has an atmosphere so dense that little is known about the rotation, position of the axis or number of the satellites. But the inhabitants, if they exist, may console themselves for living in a temperature approaching zero with the fact that they can seldom be dunned for income tax because their year contains more than 30,000 days.—London Mail.

The Bull of Perillus.

Perillus of Athens is said to have invented for Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum, 570 B. C., a brazen bull which opened on the side to admit victims who were to be roasted by the fire which was built underneath. The dying groans of the sufferers resembled closely the roaring of a mad bull. Phalaris greatly admired the invention and by way of test roasted the inventor first. Later the populace rose in rebellion and burned Phalaris.

Venison.

The prime joint of venison is undoubtedly the haunch, though a shoulder or neck of venison properly cooked is a very toothsome dish. The loin is best cut up into chops and cutlets, the breast being only suitable for soups, ragouts and pies.

Valuable Ground.

Edythe—Did the duke say he loved you? Kate—He said he loved the ground I walked on. Edythe—Where were you when he said it? Kate—Out visiting papa's gold mine.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Diplomatic.

Father—Can the girl you are courting make a good batch of bread? Son—I can vouch for the fact that she can handle the dough all right.—Baltimore American.

Hold faithfulness and sincerity as the first principles. Sincerity is the way of heaven.—Confucius.

A CHANGE OF TACTICS.

How It Worked In the Case of a Discouraged Salesman.

The following method of gaining assurance is told in the American Magazine. It is the experience of a salesman who could not sell his goods because he allowed himself to be discouraged at initial attempts. It has wide application everywhere:

"I am a commercial traveler who conquered the habit of despondency. Every one who sells goods knows how fierce is the competition. When I took this job six years ago it seemed absolutely overwhelming. I didn't sell anything to speak of and made up my mind that I couldn't, though I kept on making the round of the groceries. There seemed to be a thousand salesmen just ahead of me. I grew very bitter at the thousand and everybody else. Whenever I entered a store it was with the firm conviction that I should not get an order. I looked dull eyed at the merchant and said gloomily:

"'Anything in my line?' at the same time reaching for the doorknob. They didn't try to detain me.

"One day in conversation with an old drummer, a shrewd veteran of the road, I opened my heart with a savage complaint about the thousand salesmen, my advance guard. He puffed his cigar a moment, his eyes twinkled and he slapped me on the shoulder.

"'I know,' he said. 'I had 'em ahead of me once. They raised Cain with me until I chased 'em to the rear. Take my advice, boy, and get up to the head of the procession and let the other fellows do the worrying.'

"I thought it over, and it dawned on me that it was a question of viewpoint. I had formed a habit of picturing myself at the tail of the line, though in reality we were going in a circle and my position was as good as any. Then I changed my tactics and formed a new habit—the habit of thinking of myself as the leader, the very first man in the territory. Just as an experiment I went out the next day believing that I should get orders. I pulled my order book and pencil the moment I entered a store and began to name certain goods.

"'Sugar?' I cried, looking the grocer expectantly in the eye, as much as to say that I could see the empty barrel behind his counter. And the barrel was empty. It worked so well in the first store that I tried more vigorously in the next, and the merchant came down freely. It was almost uncanny the way I guessed the items he needed. I went out on the sidewalk and laughed aloud. And I actually sold more goods that day than I had sold before in three weeks.

"Well, the firm raised my salary instead of firing me, as they had planned to do, and I still insist that I am the first man over the route. I tell you, right habits of thought are worth money—sometimes a fortune."

Spirit of the Home.

I never realized before how rare indeed is the real home—the temple reared to house a family life, with its altar dedicated to parenthood. I saw that it is not enough to have furniture "good," to have colors "safe," not enough to show a pretty, well appointed house to the world. A real home must be a setting for a living, loving, sorrowing and conquering man and woman. It is not enough to study textures, plans and building materials. It is just the old story of the letter and the spirit. The creative spirit can make any home beautiful, but the most letter perfect house is a dead shell unless it houses loving, growing life.—Emily Newell Blair in Countryside Magazine.

What the Knife Said.

"Some folks want funny inscriptions engraved on their silver," said the jeweler. "Take wedding knives. Many wedding cakes are such mountainous affairs that a special knife is required to cut them. One of last month's brides cut her cake with a knife that was a present from her aunt. I guess not many of the guests got to read the inscription. If they had they would be talking about it yet. These knives are supposed to be used for cutting the bride's cake and then laid on the shelf for the rest of the time, but the aunt couldn't distinguish, apparently, between wedding and birthday cakes, for she made us engrave on the knife, 'May I serve thee well and often.'"—New York Press.

GREAT SALT LAKE.

Its Water Is Saline Simply Because It Has No Outlet.

Great Salt lake has no outlet. The Jordan river, which enters it from the south, is the outlet of Utah lake. Bear river, coming from the north, carries the outflow from Bear lake. The waters of Utah and Bear lakes and of Jordan and Bear rivers are fresh, and so is the water of Weber river, the third great tributary of Great Salt lake, but the lake into which the three rivers flow is saline. It is saline because it has no outlet.

The fresh waters of the rivers contain some saline matter, but the quantity is too small to be discovered by taste.

As stated by the chemist, in parts per million, the quantity seems minute, but when account is taken of the total volume of water brought by the streams to the lake in a year their burden of saline matter is found to be really great, amounting annually to more than 500,000 tons.

Year by year and century by century the water which they pour into the lake is evaporated, but the dissolved solids cannot escape in that way and therefore remain.

They have accumulated until the lake water is approximately saturated, holding nearly as much mineral matter as it can retain in solution. The lake contains over 5,000,000,000 tons of common salt and 900,000,000 tons of glauber salt (sodium sulphate) as well as other mineral matter.—New York Telegram.

ROMANCE OF THE BAHAMAS.

Life In Nassau Was Once a "Purple Princely Thing."

During the American war between the states Nassau of the Bahamas was very much on the tongues of men, as the devil-may-care emporium of contraband cotton, whereby hangs many a dashing sea story, some of which you can still hear from the lips of the men who took part in them.

The whole history of the Bahamas, since Columbus made his first landfall in the western seas on Watling's island, has been a fantastic record of desperate opportunism. The prose of "legitimate" business has seldom dulled the edge of precarious prosperity on these derelict islands, whose very existence still seems at the grudging mercy of the sea.

Buccaneering, wrecking and blockade running—no more tedious employ than these masculine professions occupied the Bahamians for generations, and so long as there were merchantmen to be boarded or scuttled, rich cargoes to be harvested from the white fanged reefs or cotton to be run to Wilmington at a profit of $100,000 the trip life in Nassau was a purple princely thing, and even the shoeblacks in Bay street played pitch and toss with gold.—Richard Le Gallienne in Harper's Magazine.

Indispensable.

Knicker—Did he make himself indispensable to the firm? Bocker—Yes, so much so that when he left they set three detectives looking for him.—New York Times.

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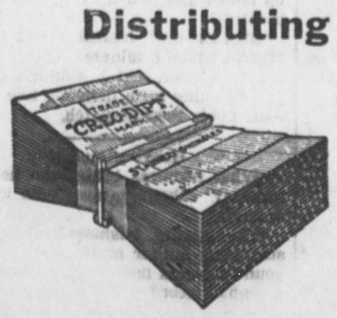

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Real Estate Bought and Sold,
RENTS COLLECTED.

Here and There.

Miss Mary Thomas entertained with a luncheon on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. William Conley spent Sunday in Milton.

Miss Claire Lyon Nicolls visited on Monday in Snow Shoe.

Charles Larimer, of Johnstown, spent Sunday with friends in Bellefonte.

J. Thomas Mitchell was an arrival home from Philadelphia on Monday.

Miss Bertha Noll, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Noll, is ill from pneumonia.

Miss Myra Humes and Mrs. Archibald Allison will entertain today with a tea.

Burgess Edmund Blanchard was a business visitor to Pittsburgh on Monday.

P. H. Gherrity visited over Sunday with his daughter, Mrs. James Davis, a Tyrone.

Miss Bella Lowry is in Wilmerding, visiting with her sister, Mrs. James Parsons.

Register Frank Sasserman transacted business in Philipsburg on Thursday of last week.

John S. Furst, of Philadelphia, visited several days recently with his mother, Mrs. A. O. Furst.

Snyder Tate and daughter departed on Wednesday for Philadelphia to consult with an eye specialist.

Miss Anna M. Rich, of Philadelphia, visited here last week as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Thompson.

Mrs. W. F. Reynolds departed last Friday for Atlantic City, at which place Colonel Reynolds joined her on Monday

Hammon Sechler departed on Saturday, last, for Trappe, Maryland, to visit with his daughter, Mrs. William Kirby.

Gilbert A. Beaver, of Yorktown, Heights, N. Y., visited here over Sunday with his mother, Mrs. James A. Beaver.

Miss Jessie Kerstetter, who had been visiting with Mrs. Samuel D. Gettig, departed on Wednesday to visit with friends in Ridgway.

Major Fred Dale was an arrival in town on Tuesday to visit for a short time with Dr. and Mrs. David Dale before going to the Philippines.

Mrs. G. Fred Musser returned on Saturday of last week from Philadelphia' where she had been in attendance upon the funeral of her sister, Mrs. Klepfer.

Dr. William Frear, of State College, was in town on Sunday, enroute to Louisville, Kentucky, to attend a meeting of the National Canners' Association.

William Reeser, of Bucyrus, Ohio, was an arrival in town on Monday to visit for a week with his sisters, Mrs. Daniel Heckman and Mrs. W. S. Sholl.

Moses Hurwitz and his bright little son, Leon, of State College, were visitors in town for several hours on Wednesday.

The Public Service Commission is scheduled to come from Harrisburg to Bellefonte today to hear testimony regarding the service of the local steam heating company.

Two mild cases of diphtheria at the Lock Haven Normal School developed this week, and the management promptly closed the school temporarily to guard against possible spreading of the disease.

Oscar N. Struble, of State College, and Miss Barbara May Baumgardner, daughter of Collins Baumgardner, of Zion, were united in marriage in Bellefonte on Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Struble will go to housekeeping on a farm near by State College.

The Harrisburg Board of Trade will visit Bellefonte for several hours on Thursday, February 17th. There will be upward of 150 in the delegation, as well as a brass band. They will arrive in Bellefonte about noon and march through some of the principal streets of the town, half of the number later going to the Bush House and the others to the Brockerhoff House for lunch. A brief meeting will be held in the Court House, at which the visitors will be formally welcomed, responses will be made setting forth the advantages offered by Harrisburg as a business houses. The delegation will be made up chiefly of wholesale dealers and their mission is to exploit Harrisburg as a business center. Stops will be made by the visitors at Altoona, Tyrone, Bellefonte, Lock Haven and probably several other points.

Vogel's minstrel show at Garman's Opera House last Friday night had a feature which was not on the program. One of the black-face artists while singing a humorous song observed a young man seated well to the front of the house taking down the words of the song in short hand. The comedian completely lost his temper and proceeded to "bawl out" the plagiarist. The latter proved to be from Millheim. His scheme was to jot down some of the songs and jokes for use in a forth-coming home talent entertainment at Millheim. It hadn't occurred to him that the minstrel fellows would become incensed and after he learned that he had committed such a serious offense he very honorably walked to the rear of the stage and offered his apologies. The matter was quickly explained to the satisfaction of all, and the young man from Millheim departed with a liberal supply of jokes and songs with which to amuse and entertain the folks in Penns Valley.

Duke Wian visited over Sunday with friends in York.

Mrs. H. L. Garber went to Altoona on Tuesday to remain for a few days.

Mrs. Frank McFarland, of Boalsburg spent Thursday with friends in Bellefonte.

Reuben T. Comly, of Union Township was a business visitor in town on Wednesday.

Miss Emma Waite entertained for fourteen of her friends on Friday evening of last week.

Squire Vinton Beckwith, of near Port Matilda, transacted business in town on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. I. Willard departed on Monday for Florida, where they will remain for several weeks.

Charles Mallalieu, of Williamsport, spent several days here recently with his brother, W. S. Mallalieu.

Mrs. Robert T. Garman and children of, Tyrone, visited here over Sunday, last, with Mrs. Rebie Cruse Garman.

Arista Lucas, one of Union township's progressive citizens, was a business visitor in town on Thursday of last week.

The Bellefonte Chapter, D. A. R. monthly meeting was held last Thursday at the home of Miss Mary Thomas.

Don't fail to attend "The Amazons," the play to be given tomorrow night in Garman's Opera House under the auspices of Bellefonte Chapter, D. A. R.

William B. Maitland, formerly of Bellefonte, was 86 years old on Sunday and the event was celebrated with a family dinner at his home in Williamsport.

Mrs. Garber's Friday night dance will be held tomorrow night as usual, but will not begin until following the presentation of "The Amazons" in Garman's Opera House.

William Hunter, Frank Hunter and Boyd Hunter, all of Bellefonte, went to Lewistown Sunday of last week in their automobile to attend the funeral of their sister and aunt Mrs. Elizabeth Fish.

Former Sheriff A. B. Lee, of Spring Mills, greeted numerous friends in town on Monday. Mr. Lee recently purchased the automobile garage of E. P. Shook, located next door to the Spring Mills hotel.

John Colpetzer, of Buffalo Run valley, was a visitor in town on Saturday. His mission was to accompany home Mrs. Colpetzer, who for some time past had been critically ill in the Bellefonte hospital. A third member of the party homeward bound was a little baby that recently arrived.

Although most of the town was without water Monday night, this was not the case at the Bellefonte Academy. The management secured R. B. Taylor's sprinkling wagon and hauled sufficient water to keep the boilers at the Academy going all night, and as a consequence the large number of students were warm and otherwise comfortable.

W. G. Kahler, a young man from Williamsport, was picked up last Saturday at State College by Chief of Police Dukeman charged with passing a worthless check for $10.75 on Sim the Clothier. When first accused Kahler denied knowledge of the matter but enroute to Bellefonte in an automobile he changed his mind and expressed a desire to adjust the matter. He was taken to Sim's store where he was identified. Kahler settled for the check and costs and was allowed to go.

Ten years old Johnnie Lawrence, who makes his home with his grandmother, Mrs. Brodbeck, of near State College, had quite an experience last week for a boy of his age. He slipped away from home on Wednesday and after a time showed up at a farm house near Lemont. To the family that kindly took him in he explained that he belonged in Bellefonte. The family entertained him until the Emerick auto bus happened along and then paid his fare to Bellefonte. In due time Johnnie arrived in Bellefonte, where somebody generously gave him a sled. He was happy with the sled but was unable to say where he belonged so the police took him in charge. At first they supposed he lived in Bellefonte and on Thursday they made inquiry at the public schools. No one seemed to know anything about the youngster and matters rested at that point until a telephone message of inquiry was received from State College. Rather well pleased with his visit to Bellefonte, Johnnie was placed on board the Bellefonte Central train on Thursday and in charge of Conductor Ross Parker returned to State College, where his grandmother was waiting to welcome him home.

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Lucas County }

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

MEXICO CITY POLICE.

Always Ready at Night to Answer a Clap of the Hands.

In Mexico City each of the 5,000 police who won for it the reputation of the most thoroughly patrolled city in the world carries a lantern underneath his cape. After a certain hour, when traffic has virtually ceased, the policemen put their lanterns in the middle of the roadways at the intersections of the streets.

Then they go into the nearest doorway, sit down and prepare to spend the rest of the night at their ease. If you want a policeman you simply step out on the sidewalk and clap your hands. Immediately with the suddenness of genii one appears from either side. Handclapping, by the way, is the universal method of attracting attention in Mexico. To insure wakefulness on the part of the police any one who brings a lantern of a policeman's cap to the nearest police station gets $5, which is deducted from the negligent patrolman's monthly pay.

In some cities the system of "keeping tab" on policemen is different. Every hour the sergeant at the station goes to the door and blows his whistle. The man on the nearest beat immediately responds. Number two follows, and so the whistle passes through the entire force and comes back to the station. If one whistle is missing the man who has the preceding beat investigates and reports at headquarters. The speed with which the hour can be blown and the watchfulness of the force determined is astonishing.—Youth's Companion.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

A Factor In Training the Brain In Boys and Girls.

Enthusiasm, self confidence, the spirit of adventure, alertness, promptness, unselfishness, quick judgment, are all to be learned on the field of games and sports, says the Medical Record, and every argument for such training of boys applies with equal force to girls. Mothers as well as fathers must be strong and healthy, and it is said that girls undergoing such training not only assume a more upright and dignified carriage, but begin unconsciously to avoid slang and other vulgarities.

The ancient Greeks knew these things, and in 2,500 years we have not equaled their results. If a boy does not seem to pick up music with ease, or sword play, he may attain remarkable dexterity with tools. At best he may learn to carve, at least he may attain creditable efficiency as a joiner or carpenter. Even juggling and conjuring train certain brain centers of value to the organism and are much better than no manual work at all. Personally, continues the editor, we think very highly of military drill, which trains every fiber of the body, down to the very finger tips and the tiny muscles of the eye, besides inculcating invaluable habits of prompt obedience, team work, respect for efficient authority, etc.

Harrison's Motion.

Delving in the archives of the Miami Union Literary society of Miami university the other day students found in an old minute book two entries regarding students who afterward became men of national fame. The record of the society's meeting of Nov. 1, 1851, says:

"Benjamin Harrison made the following motion: 'Mr. Chairman, I move that every man who spits tobacco juice on the floor of the society hall be fined 6 cents and that the money thus procured be saved for six months, at the end of which time a spitbox be purchased for this society.'" The minutes of the same society of Jan. 23, 1843, record the fact that Oliver P. Morton was fined 12½ cents for disorderly conduct.—Indianapolis News.

A Staggering Estimate.

The late Mr. G. S. Carr, an accomplished mathematician, attempted to give a reply to the query, "How many different games at chess would it be possible to play?" His conclusions are that the total would be given by the one hundredth power of twenty, which is represented by the figure 12, followed by 129 ciphers. If each move be represented by a grain of sand the aforesaid number of grains, if packed around the sun, would fill up all space in every direction to a distance of over two sextillion miles!—London Telegraph.

Thumbnail Fairy Tale.

"No doubt," we said to the plumber, "you'll have to dig the entire street up before you can fix that leak in the bathtub."

"Shucks, no," replied the plumber; "it won't take a minute. It only needs a new washer, and I wouldn't charge you anything for a little job like that."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Heavy Returns.

"What business brings the heaviest returns?" asked the man who wanted to know.

"The literary business," sighed the struggling author as he opened a two pound rejected book manuscript.—Philadelphia Record.

The Cost of Fame.

"Why do you work for money instead of fame?"

"I want to get the money first. My observation teaches me that fame is a most expensive luxury that the rich only can afford to live up to."—Detroit Free Press.

Preserving Pencil Drawing.

A pencil drawing can be preserved indefinitely against blurring if it is immersed in a bath of clear cold water, then in fresh milk.—Popular Science Monthly.

To The People of Bellefonte and Vicinity.

We feel the need of becoming better acquainted with a greater number of you. And beg you to give us a chance to show you that the benefit will be mutual.

To accomplish this we are willing to offer some unusually attractive prices for one week from

February 13th, to the 19th, Inclusive.

16 lb. Sugar for **$1.00**
2 lb. Brazil Coffee **23¢**
1 lb. High Grade 30c. Coffee **26¢**
1 25c box Hershey's Cocoa **21¢**
3 lbs 10c Rice **25¢**
3 lbs 10c Peaches **25¢**
½ lb. Green, Black or mixed 60c Tea **22¢**

SOME 25c. COMBINATION SALES WORTH WHILE.

1 12½c can Pure Food Corn
1 10c can Moose Ear Sugar Peas
1 10c can Libby's Baked Beans
(one of each or any three)

1 10c box Kellog's Toastsd Corn Flakes
1 10c box Quaker Rolled Oats
1 10c box Ross's Wheat Biscuit

1 10c bag Worchester fine Salt
1 10c box Jello
1 10c box Lipton's Jelly Tablets

1 10c box Cream Corn Starch
1 10c box W. H. Bakers Cocoa
1 10c can Baker's Fresh grated Cocoanut

Confident that you will accept this opportunity for closer friendship and mutual benefit, we remain. Very sincerely

Weaver Bros. Grocers
(Successors to C. C. Shuey)

THE LAST CALL

Of Our Great Mid-Winter Clearance Sale of

SUITS AND OVERCOATS

This last week we have assembled all of our Suits and Overcoats formerly sold at $30.00, $28.00, $25.00 and $22.00 to close them out at

$15.00

Those formerly selling at $20.00 $18.00 and $15.00 will this last week be sold at

$10.00

You can double the buying power of your money by a little judicious selection of this assortment. No man with a sense of values can afford to remain away.

THESE ARE CASH PRICES

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